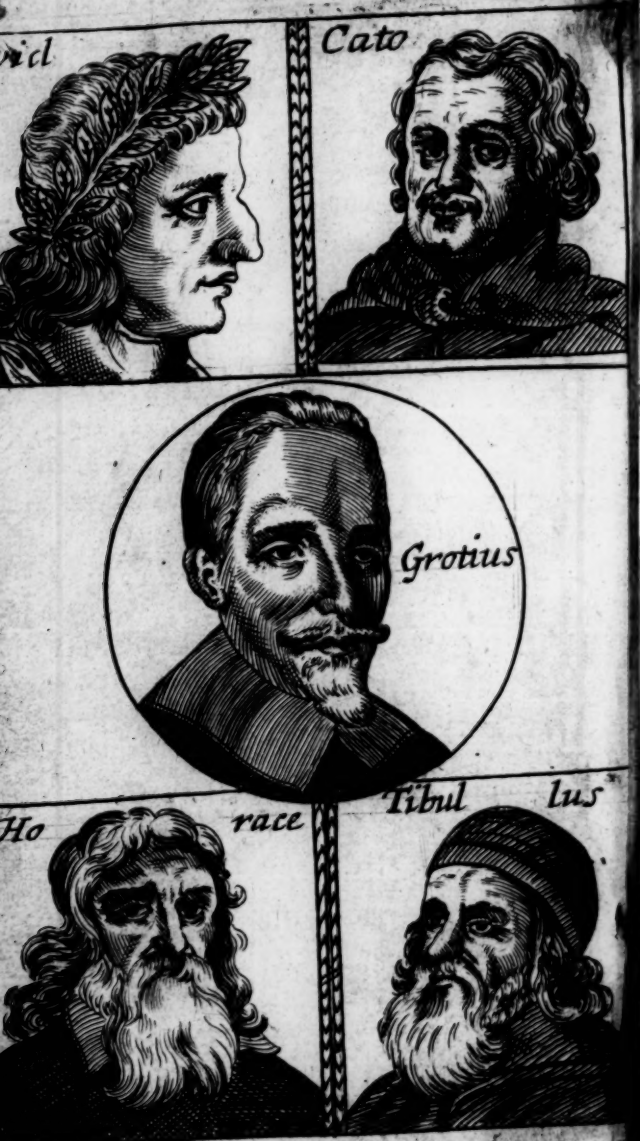
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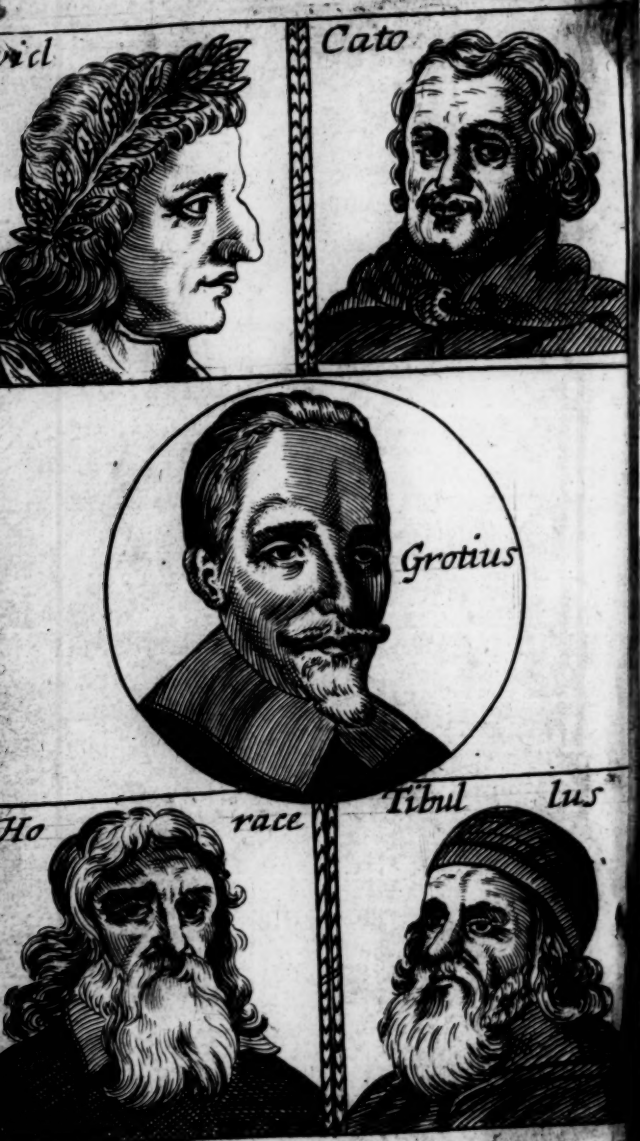
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Sales Epigrammatum.

BEING THE

CHOYCEST DISTICKS

OF

MARTIALS

Fourteen Books of

EPIGRAMS:

AND

Of all the Chief Latin Poets that have writ in these two last Centuries:

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CATO'S MORALITY.

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By J. Wright M. Arts.

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ERRATA.

PAge 32. line 14. for Scange, read Grange. p. 46. l. ult. for live, r. lively. p. 51. l. 9. for Lydus, r. Lyael. 2. p. 51. l. 10. for dure, r. divos. p. 53. l. ult. for fictus, r. fictas. p. 63. l. 10. for amaror, r. amaror. p. 66. l. 18 for ror, r. me. p. 70. l. 11. for you, r. this. p. 74. l. 12. r. Thoſe Spots for Stars and Stars for Spots ſhall go. p. 77. l. 11. for Arvis, r. Civis. p. 85. l. 9. for Sculpta, r. merſa. p. 91. l. 10. for Terreſtris, r. Terreſtri. p. 96. l. 3. r. ——— he thought that he himſelf did ſee. p. 115. 23, for Salatrix, r. Saltatrix. p. 117. l. 18. for in, r. an.

TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

SIR *William Bromley*,

Knight of the Honourable Order

OF THE

BATH.

Sir,

IT hath been the approved Cuſtome of moſt Authors, that when their private Notions are to appear, and be preſſed for publick ſervice, to chuſe out of the liſt

of their friends, ſome noble and worthy Perſonage under the conduct of whoſe name, they may march into the world. Wherefore I have in this Dedication, not improperly, made choice of you, who are your ſelf a chief Favorite of the Muſes. One who underſtands the Original as well as the Copy; and could perceive and cenſure a fault (if poſſible) in *Martial*, or *Grotius* himſelf, with as much facility as in this Tranſlation. Which Tranſlation, if it ſhall gain your fair opinion, I know none of like worth and Ingenuity with your ſelf, will differ from your cenſure: As for thoſe of a contrary character, I ſhall value neither their applauſe, nor diſcommendation.

commendation. Briefly, Sir, your candid acceptation of this piece, will add to your former favours; and by a new Obligation engage me ever to remain, what I have ever been,

SIR,

Your devoted Servant,

James Wright.

To the *READER.*

Reader,

GEnerally in Epigrams of ſix, eight, or ten verſes, the Salt, the Conceipt of all is referred to a Diſtick in the end, and there expreſſed: Thus you ſee Diſticks in general, are Sales Epigrammatum; *wherefore, I hope, thou wilt not think this title improperly applied to this piece, which is a collection of the choiceſt.*

Thou mayst perchance be pleased with my Version; if not in all, yet in some places: If not in any, yet I am sure no lover of ingenuous Poesie can dislike the Original. Wonder not to see me deviate from the letter in this Translation, it being either to heighthen or clear the Conceipt: *For it is* Quintilians *advice*, Neque μετάφρασιν esse interpretationem tantum volo, sed circa eosdem sensus certamen atque æmulationem. *And it is Mr.* Cowleys *opinion*, That Translators should add all that they can by their own Wit and Invention, not deserting the subject; *and thus he proceeds*, The not observing of this, is the cause that all Translations that I ever yet saw, are so much inferior to their Origi-

Originals. The like happens too in Pictures from the same root of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. *Not to quote more, this is the judgement of these two great Wits, which must not be excepted against; nor will be by any who know what belongs to Poetry.*

And now, Reader, proceed to examine freely, but censure favourably the following Translation of

Your Servant,

J. W.

MARTIAL.

BOOK I.

Epigram XVII. To *Avitus*.

THere are ſome good, more bad, whereon you look:
Avitus, without this, 'tis not a Book.

Epigram XXIX. Of *Acerra*.

Who ſays with laſt nights Wine *Acerra* ſtinks,
Is much deceived; till day *Acerra* drinks.

Epig. XXXIII. To *Sabidius*.

I love thee not *Sabidius*; Ask you why?
I do not love thee, let that ſatisfie.

Epig. XXXIX. To *Fidentinus*.

This Book you read, O *Fidentine*, is mine:
But when you ill rehearſe it, then tis thine.

Epig.

MARTIALIS

LIBER I.

Epigram XVII. Ad Avitum.

Sunt Bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic : aliter non fit, Avite, *liber.*

Epigram XXIX. De Acerra.

Heſterno fœtere mero qui credit Acerram,
Fallitur ; in lucem ſemper Acerra *bibit.*

Epig. XXXIII. Ad Sabidium.

Non amo te Sabidi, *nec poſſum dicere quare ;*
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, Non amo te.

Epig. XXXIX. Ad Fidentinum.

Quem recitas, meus eſt, o Fidentine, *libellus :*
Sed malè cùm recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.

Epig. XLI. To *Lividus.*

Who with knit brows read'ſt theſe: for ever be
So low, that thou may'ſt envy all, none thee.

Epig. XLVIII. Of *Diaulus* the *Phyſitian.*

Diaul the Dectour is a *Sexton* made;
Though he is changed, he changeth not his Trade.

Epig. LXXVI. Of *Lynus.*

Who half to *Lynus* give, then lend all, choſe;
Had rather half, then all their money loſe.

Epig. XCII. To *Lælius.*

My Verſe you judge, yet publiſh not your own;
Lælius, carp not at ours, or yours make known.

Epig. XCVI. To *Helius.*

Since you baul always, hindering thoſe that plead,
You get, by't; for to hold your peace you'r feed.

Epig. XCIX. To *Flaccus.*

The Law and Foot-gout troubles *Diodore*;
No Lawyers feed, this is the hand-gout ſure.

Epig. CI. Of old *Afra.*

Afra both Mams and Daddies hath; yet ſhe
The Dad of Dads, and Mam of Mams may be.

Epig. CXI. To *Velox.*

You ſay my Epigrams, *Velox*, too long are;
You nothing write; ſure yours are ſhorter far.

Epig.

Epig. XLI. Ad Lividum.

Qui ducis vultus, & non legis iſta libenter,
Omnibus invideas, Livide, *nemo tibi.*

Epig. XLVIII. De Diaulo medico.

Nuper erat medicus, nunc eſt veſpillo Diaulus;
Quod veſpillo facit, fecerat & medicus.

Epig. LXXVI. De Lyno.

Dimidium donare Lino, *quam credere totum,*
Qui mavult: mavult perdere dimidium.

Epig. XCII. Ad Lælium.

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea carmina, Læli;
Carpere vel noli noſtra, vel ede tua.

Epig. XCVI. Ad Helium.

Quod clamas ſemper, quod agentibus obſtrepis Heli,
Non facis hoc gratis: accipis, ut taceas.

Epig. XCIX. Ad Flaccum.

Litigat, & podagra Diodorus Flacce *laborat;*
Sed nil patrono porrigit, hæc chiragra eſt.

Epig. CI. De Afra vetula.

Mammas atque tatas habet Afra: *ſed ipſa tatarum*
Dici & mammarum maxima mamma poteſt.

Epig. CXI. Ad Velocem.

Scribere me quereris, Velox, *epigrammata longa;*
Ipſe nihil ſcribis, tu breviora facis.

Epig. CXIII. On *Priſcus.*

While not yet known, I lord and king call'd thee;
Well known, you are plain *Priſcus* now to me.

Epig. CXIX. To *Cæcilianus.*

A hundred read, you think too few I gave
Of Epigrams; Wilt thou more evils have?

MARTIAL BOOK II.

Epig. III. To *Sextus.*

YOu nothing owe, you nothing owe, we know:
Sextus, to pay he's able, that doth owe.

Epig. XIII. To *Sextus.*

Both Judge and Advocate look for reward,
'Tis my mind with your Creditor you accord.

Epig. XV. Upon *Hermus.*

That you your cup to drink do give to none:
Hermus' tis civilly, not proudly done.

Epig. XX. *Of Paulus:*

Bought Verſes, for his own, Paul doth recite;
For what you buy, you may call yours by right.

Epig. XXI. *upon Poſthumus.*

You kiſs ſome, Poſthume, ſome your hand allow;
You bid me chuſe; your hand, your hand I vow.

Epig.

Epig. CXIII. In Priſcum.

Cum te non noſſem, dominum regemque vocabam:
Cum bene te novi, jam mihi Priſcus *eris.*

Epig. CXIX. Ad Cæcilianum.

Cui legiſſe ſatis, non eſt epigrammata centum,
Nil illi ſatis eſt, Cæciliane, *mali.*

MARTIALIS LIBER II.

Epig. III. Ad Sextum.

SExte, *nihil debes; nil debes,* Sexte, *fatemur:*
Debet enim, ſi quis ſolvere, Sexte, *poteſt.*

Epig. XIII. Ad Sextum.

Et Judex petit, & petit patronus;
Solvas cenſeo, Sexte, *creditori.*

Epig. XV. In Hermum.

Quod *nulli calicem tuum propinas,*
Humanè facis, Herme, *non ſuperbè.*

Epig. XX. De Paullo

Carmina Paullus *emit: recitat ſua carmina* Paullus.
Nam quod emis, poſſis dicere jure tuum.

Epig. XXI. In Poſthumum.

Baſia das aliis, aliis das, Poſthume, *dextram.*
Dicis, utrum mavis? elige: malo manum.

Epig.

Epig. XXV. to Galla.

You nere give, Galla, yet grant conſtantly;
If that's your way, I'le beg what you'd deny.

Epig. XXVIII. Upon Linus.

Ask you what my Nomentine field brings me?
This Linus 'mongſt the reſt, I nere ſee thee.

Epig. LVIII. Upon Zoilus.

You ſprucely cloathed, laugh at my thred-bare gown;
'Tis thred-bare truly, Zoilus, but mine own.

Epig. LXXX. Of Fannius.

When Fannius from his Enemy did fly,
He kild himſelf for fear leſt he ſhould die.

LXXXVIII. Upon Mamercus.

You'd Poet ſeem, yet nothing you rehearſe;
Be what you will, ſo we nere hear your verſe.

Epig. XXV. Ad Gallam.

Dæs nunquam, ſemper promitis, Galla, rogati ;
Si ſemper fallis, jam rogo, Galla, nega.

Epig. XXXVIII. In Linum.

Quid mihi reddat ager, quæris, Linc, Nomentanus ?
Hoc mihi reddit ager : te Line non video.

Epig. LII. In Zoilum.

Pexatus pulchrè, rides mea, Zoile, trita :
Sunt hæc trita quidem, Zoile, ſed mea ſunt.

Epig. LXXX. De Fannio.

Hoſtem cùm fugeret, ſe Fannius *ipſe peremit :*
Hic rogo, non furor eſt, ne moriare mori?

Epig. LXXXVIII. In Mamercum.

Nil recitas, & vis, Mamerce, *Poeta videri :*
Quicquid vis eſto, dummodo nil recites.

MARTIAL. BOOK III.

Epig. VIII. upon Quintus.

Quintus loves *Thais*: Which *Thais*? Is it ſhe
That's blind? I think ſhe hath more eyes then he.

Epig. IX. upon Cinna.

Cinna on me Verſes to write is ſaid;
He writes not, who's not worthy to be read.

Epig. XXI. On a cruel Maſter.

Who ſav'd by his man, doth ſtigmatize the ſame,
Returns himſelf to baniſh his good name.

Epig. XXVIII. upon Neſtor.

Wonder you *Neſtor*, *Marius* ear ſmells ſtrong?
Your breaths the Cauſe, you whiſper there ſo long.

Epig. XXXV. Of fiſhes engraved.

Theſe fiſhes ſee, that the fain'd ſculpture are
Of *Phidias*; adde but water, they'l ſwim there.

Epig. XXXVII. On angry friends.

Rich friends 'gainſt poor, to anger ſtill are prone;
It is not well, but profitably done.

MARTIALIS LIBER III.

Epig. VIII. In Quintum.

Thaida Quintus *amat : quam* Thaida ? Thaida *luſcam.*
unum oculum Thais *non habet, ille duos.*

Epig. IX. In Cinnam.

Verſiculos in me narratur ſcribere Cinna.
Non ſcribit, cujus carmina nemo legit.

Epig. XXI. In crudelem Dominum.

Proſcriptum famulus ſervavit fronte notatus;
Non fuit hæc domini vita, ſed invidia.

Epig. XXVIII. In Neſtorem.

Auriculam Mario *graviter miraris olere:*
Tu facis hoc : garris, Neſtor, *in auriculam.*

Epig. XXXV. De Piſcibus ſculptis.

Artis Phidiacæ *toreuma clarum,*
Piſces adſpicis : adde aquam, natabunt.

Epig. XXXVII. In iraſcentes amicos.

Iraſci tantùm felicis noſtis amici;
Non bellè facitis : ſed juvat hoc facere.

Epig. XLI. Of a Lizard engrav'd upon a Cup.

The Lizard wrought by *Mentor*'s hand ſo rare,
Was fear'd in th' Cup, as though it living were.

Epig. XLIX. Upon the Invitor.

You *Maſſick* drink, *Veian* wine give to me:
I need not taſt, the ſmell doth ſatisfie.

Epig. LVI. Of the water of Ravenna.

I'de rather have a Well at *Rhene*, than Vine:
Since Water there is far more dear then Wine.

Epig. LXI. Upon Cinna.

What e're you ask, 'tis Nothing ſtill you cry;
If Nothing *Cinna*, Nothing I'le deny.

Epig. LXXXIX. To Phœbus.

Lettuces, *Phœbus*, and ſoft Mallows uſe:
Thy coſtive ſqueezing Cloſeſtool face to looſe:

Epig. XCIV. On Rufus.

You ſay you Hare's not boyl'd, and ſeem to be
Enrag'd; you'd ſlaſh your Cook, not Hare I ſee.

Epig. XLI. In lacerta cælata.

Inſerta Phialæ Mentoris *manu ducta*
Lacerta vivit, & timetur argentum.

Epig. XLIX. Ad Invitatorem.

Veientana mihi miſces, tu Maſſica potas :
Olfacere hæc malo pocula, quàm bibere.

Epig. LVI. De Ciſterna Ravennate.

Sit ciſterna mihi, quàm vinea, malo Ravennæ:
Cùm poſſim multo vendere pluris aquam.

Epig. LXI. In Cinnam.

Eſſe nihil dicis, quidquid petis, improbe Cinna.
Si nil Cinna *petis, nil tibi,* Cinna, *nego.*

Epig. LXXXIX. Ad Phœbum.

Utere lactucis, & mollibus utere malvis :
Na m faciem durùm, Phœbe, *cacantis habet.*

Epig. XCIV. In Rufum.

Eſſe negas coctum leporem, poſciſq; flagella;
Mavis Rufe *coquum ſcindere, quàm leporem.*

MARTIAL BOOK IV.

Epig. XXIV. To Fabianus.

Licoris of her Friends ſtill makes an end;
I would ſhe were to my Wife ſuch a Friend.

Epig. XXXIV. To Attalus.

Thy Gown is thred-bare, ſoil'd; yet he ſaith right,
O *Attalus*, that ſaith thy Gown is white.

Epig. XLI. Of a bad Poet.

Why wrapt about your Neck Wool do you wear?
That Wool would better ſerve to ſtop your Ear.

Epig. XLVII. Of Phaeton.

There *Phaeton* ſee, wrought with a burning ſtile;
What do you mean? him to twice burn the while.

Epig. LXV. Of Philænis.

With but one eye *Philænis* weeps; how done
If you enquire, know ſhe hath got but one.

Epig. LXXVI. To his covetous Friend.

I ask'd Twelve thouſand Seſterce, Six you gave;
Henceforth I'le double ask what I would have.

MARTIALIS LIBER IV.

Epig. XXIV. Ad Fabianum.

Omnes, quas habuit, Fabiane, Lycoris *amicas*
Extulit; uxori fiat amica meæ.

Epig. XXXIV. Ad Attalum.

Sordida cùm tibi ſit: verum tamen, Attale, dicit
Quiſquis te niveam dicit habere togam.

Epig XLI. In male recitantem.

Quid recitaturus circundas vellera collo?
Conveniunt noſtris auribus illa magis.

Epig. XLVII. De Phaetone.

Encauſtus Phaeton *tabulâ depictus in hac eſt.*
Quid tibi vis, dipyron qui Phaethonta *facis?*

Epig. LXV. De Philæni.

Oculo Philænis *ſemper altero plorat.*
Quo fiat iſtud quæritis modo, luſca eſt.

Epig. LXXVI. In avarum amicum.

Millia miſiſti mihi ſex, bis ſena petenti:
ut bis ſena feram, bis duodena petam.

Epig. LXXX. *To Matho.*

So conſtant Gueſt unto my farm y'are known;
You buying it, I cheat, and ſell your own.

Epig. LXXXVI. *Upon Ponticus.*

We drink in glaſs, but you in ſtone, and why?
Leaſt clear glaſs ſhould your better Wine deſcry.

MARTIAL. BOOK V.

Epig. XXXIII. *Of Criſp.*

Criſpus no fourth part to his Wife did leave;
Unto whom then? himſelf did it receive.

Epig. XLIV. *Of Thais and Lecania.*

Lecania's teeth why white, *Thais* black are?
Lecania bought, *Thais* her own doth wear.

Epig. XLVIII. *Of Philo.*

That he ne're ſups at home, *Philo* makes Oath;
He never ſups, but when invited forth.

Epig. LVIII. *To Cinna.*

When Sir I call thee, be not pleas'd; for know
Cinna, I often call my ſervant ſo.

Epig.

Epig. LXXX. Ad Mathonem.

Hoſpes eras noſtri ſemper, Matho, Tiburtini:
Hoc emis, impoſui, rus tibi vendo tuum.

Epig. LXXXVI. In Ponticum.

Non bibimus nitro, tu myrrhâ, Pontice, *quare?*
Prodat perſpicuus ne duo vina calix.

MARTIALIS LIBER V.

Epig. XXXIII. De Criſpo.

Quadrantem Criſpus *tabulis*, Fauſtine, *ſupremis*
Non dedit uxori; cui dedit ergo? ſibi.

Epig. XLIV. De Thaide & Lecania.

Thais *habet nigros, niveos* Lecania *dentes.*
Quæ ratio eſt? emptos hæc habet, illa ſuos.

Epig. XLVIII. De Philone.

Nunquam ſe cœnaſſe domi Philo *jurat: & hoc eſt:*
Non cœnat quoties nemo vocavit eum.

Epig. LVIII. Ad Cinnam.

Cum voco te Dominum, noli tibi, Cinna, *placere:*
Sæpe etiam ſervum ſic reſaluto meum.

Epig.

Epig. LXXXII. To Æmilianus.

You want, *Æmilianus*, ſo you may:
Riches are given rich men, and none but they.

Epig. LXXXIV. To Dindymus.

I fly, you follow; fly, when I perſue:
What I love, hate, is hated, lov'd by you.

MARTIAL BOOK VI.

Epig. XLVIII. On Pomponius.

Sophos to thee thy Clients cry; but know
Thy Supper's eloquent, Thou art not ſo.

Epig. LXXIX. To Lupus.

What ſad, and rich? beware, if Fortune ſhall,
Lupus, know this, ſhe'le thee ingratefull call.

Epig. XC. Of Gellia.

Gellia hath but one Servant, yet much ſhame:
For *Gellia* hath two Husbands; there's the blame.

Epig. LXXXII. Ad Æmilianum.

Semper eris pauper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane :
Dantur opes nulli nunc niſi divitibus.

Epig. LXXXIV. Ad Dindymum.

Inſequeris, fugio; fugis, inſequor : hæc mihi mens eſt :
Velle tuum nolo, Dindyme, *nolle volo.*

MARTIALIS LIBER VI.

Epig. XLVIII. In Pomponium.

Quòd tam grande ſophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pompini, *cæna diſerta tua eſt.*

Epig. LXXIX. Ad Lupum.

Triſtis es, & felix; ſciat hoc fortuna caveto :
Ingratum dicet te, Lupe, *ſi ſcierit.*

Epig. XC. De Gellia.

Mœchum Gellia *non habet niſi unum :*
Turpe eſt hoc magis ; uxor eſt duorum.

MARTIAL. BOOK VII.

Epig. II. To Pontilianus.

Why ſend I not to thee theſe Books of mine ?
'Cauſe *I, Pontilian,* would be free from thine.

Epig. VIII. Of Caſſelius.

Caſſelius now to threeſcore years doth riſe;
He witty is, when will he grow to wiſe?

Epig. XV *To Regulus.*

Having no mony, I am forc'd your Pack
Of Gifts to ſell; what, *Regulus,* do ye lack ?

Epig. LVIII. *Of Cæcilianus.*

Without a Bore *Cæcilian* ne're doth feaſt;
Titus, he hath a very pretty Gueſt.

Epig. LXV. *Of Labienus.*

Fábius left *Labien* his ſole Heir by will;
Yet he complains he is a Looſer ſtill.

Epig. LXXVI. *Of Tucca.*

Ask me no more, no Books I'le give to thee;
Tucca, you ſell, not read the Courteſie.

MARTIAL. LIBER VII.

Epig. II. Ad Pontilianum.

Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, *libellos?*
Ne *mihi tu mittas,* Pontiliane, *tuos.*

Epig. VIII. De Caſſelio.

Cum ſexaginta numeret Caſſelius annos,
Ingenioſus homo eſt: quando diſertus erit?

Epig. XV. Ad Regulum.

Æra domi non ſunt; ſupereſt hoc, Regule, *tantùm,*
Ut tua vendamus munera: numquid emis?

Epig. LVIII. De Cæciliano.

Non cœnat ſine apro noſter, Tite, Cæcilianus,
Bellum convivam Cæcilianus *habet.*

Epig. LXV. De Labieno.

Hæredem Fabius Labienum *ex aſſe reliquit:*
Plus meruiſſe tamen ſe Labienus *ait.*

Epig. LXXVI. In Tuccam.

Exigis ut noſtros donem tibi, Tucca *libellos;*
Non faciam: nam vis vendere, non legere.

Epig. LXXX. To Lauſus.

Thirty Bad Epigrams the Book doth ſhare;
The Book is good, if Thirty good there are.

Epig. LXXXII. Of Eutrapelus.

Barber *Eutrapelus* did ſhave ſo flow
Lupercus Chin; another Beard did grow.

Epig. XCIII. To Papilus.

Sweet oyntment once was in that Onyx ſtone;
You ſmelt, and ſee 'tis putrefaction grown.

Epig. C. Of an Old Woman.

If touch'd, or heard, you pleaſe; not ſeen each part
Doth pleaſe us well; none, if in ſight thou art.

MARTIAL BOOK VIII.

Epig. XXVII. To Gaurus.

Who gives you gifts being rich, and old, doth cry,
Gaurus, To thee I give theſe gifts to dy.

Epig. XXIX. Of Diſticks.

What Writer can as ſhort on Diſticks look,
When even thoſe Diſticks do make up a Book?

Epig.

Epig. LXXX. Ad Lauſum.

Triginta toto mala ſunt epigrammata libro :
Si totidem bona ſint, Lauſe, *liber bonus eſt.*

Epig. LXXXII. De Eutrapelo.

Eutrapelus *tonſor dum circuit ora* Luperci,
Expungitq; genas : altera barba ſubit.

Epig. XCIII. De Papilo.

Unguentum fuerat, quod onyx modò parva gerebat :
Olfecit poſtquam Papilus, *ecce garum eſt.*

Epig. C. De Vetula.

Tacta places, audita places, ſi non videare,
Tota places : neutro, ſi videare, places.

MARTIALIS LIBER VIII.

Epig. XXVII. Ad Gaurum.

Munera qui tibi dat locupleti, Gaure, *ſeniq;*
Si ſapis & ſentis, hic tibi ait, Morere.

Epig. XXIX. De Diſtichis.

Diſticha qui ſcribit, puto, vult brevitate placere:
Quid prodeſt brevitas, dic mihi ſi, liber eſt ?

Epig

Epig. XLIX. *Of Aſper.*

One that is fair, blind *Aſper* much eſteems;
Yet *Aſper* ſees not what he does, it ſeems.

Epig. LX. *Of Claudia.*

The Palatine *Coloſſus Claudia* muſt,
If eighteen inches ſhorter, equal juſt.

MARTIAL. BOOK IX.

Epig. VI. *On Paula.*

You'd *Priſcus* wed, *Paula*; you'r wiſe I know;
But hee'l not thee; *Priſcus* is wiſer though.

Epig. XVI. *Of Chloë.*

On her ſeven Husbands tombs ſhe doth impreſs,
This Chloë did; what can ſhe more confeſs?

Epig. XCVII. *Of Herodes.*

Stealing his Cup, his Patient him did ſpy;
Herodes ſaid, Fool, if you drink you dy.

MARTIAL. BOOK X.

Epig. VIII. *Of Paulla.*

Paulla would marry me, ſhe is too old;
Yet were ſhe not ſo young, the match ſhould hold.

Epig.

Epig. XLIX. De Aſpro.

Formoſam planè, ſed cæcus diliget Aſper:
Plus ergo, ut res eſt, quàm videt Aſper, *amat.*

Epig. LX. In *Claudiam.*

Summa Palatini poteras æquare Coloſſi,
Si fieres brevior, Claudia, *ſeſquipede.*

MARTIAL. LIBER IX.

Epig. VI. In Paullam.

Nubere vis Priſco, *non miror,* Paulla: *ſapiſti.*
Ducere te non vult Priſcus: *& ille ſapit.*

Epigt XVI. De Chloë.

Inſcripſit tumulo ſeptem celebrata virorum
Se feciſſe Chloë: *quid pote ſimplicius?*

Epig. XCVII. De Herode.

Clinicus Herodes *trullam ſubduxerat ægro:*
Deprenſus dixit; ſtulte, quid ergo bibis?

MARTIAL. LIBER X.

Epig. VIII. De Paulla.

Nubere Paulla *cupit nobis, ego ducere* Paullam
Nolo: anus eſt; vellem ſi magis eſſet anus.

Epig. XLIII. *To Phileros.*

Now in thy field ſeven Wives buried are;
What ground than thine a better crop doth bear?

Epig. LIV. *upon Olus.*

Your Feaſt ſtill cover'd is: I, *Olus*, ſure,
If this be one, a Feaſt can make, though poor.

Epig. LXXXIV. *Of Afer to Cæcilianus.*

Reaſon why *Afer* ſleeps not you would know;
Cæcilianus, mind his Bed-fellow.

MARTIAL. BOOK XI.

Epig. XV. *Of a little Farmer.*

Entomb this ſmall Aërial Corps ith' ſky;
On him the leaſt earth will too heavy ly.

Epig. LXVIII. *upon Maro.*

Living you nothing give; your Funeral fire
You ſay, gives all; you know what I deſire.

Epig. LXIX. *To Matho.*

Great men deny when trifles you'd receive;
With leſſe ſhame ask what befits them to give.

Epig. LXXXIV. *To Soſibianus.*

Gratis none lodge, but rich, and Orphanes thoſe,
Who on his houſe doth dearer rates impoſe.

Epig. XLIII. Ad Philerotem.

Septima jam, Phileros, *tibi conditur uxor in agro.*
Plus nulli, Phileros, *quàm tibi reddit ager.*

Epig. LIV. In Olum.

Menſas, Ole, *bonas ponis : ſed ponis opertas.*
Ridiculum eſt poſſum ſic ego habere bonas.

Epig. LXXXIV. De Afro, ad Cæcilianum.

Miraris, quare dormitum non eat Afer ?
Accumbat cum qua Cæciliane *vides.*

MARTIAL. LIBER XI.

Epig. XV. De Colono.

Heredes nolite brevem ſepelire colonum.
Nam terra eſt illi quantulacunque gravis.

Epig. LXVIII. In Maronem.

Nil mihi das vivus : dicis poſt fata daturum.
Si non es ſtultus, ſcis Maro *quid cupiam.*

Epig. LXIX. Ad Mathonem.

Parva rogas magnos : ſed non hæc quoque magni.
Ut pudeat leviùs te Matho, *magna roga.*

Epig. LXXXIV. Ad Soſibianum.

Nemo habitat gratis, niſi dives & orbus apud te.
Nemo domum pluris, Soſibiane, *locat.*

Epig. XCIII. *upon* Zoilus.

Who calls thee Vitious, lyes; You, *Zoilus*, are
Not Vitious, but pure Vice it ſelf, I ſware.

MARTIAL. BOOK XII.

Epig. VII. *Of Ligia.*

If *Ligia* equal years and hairs doth hold,
Now Gran-dame *Ligia*'s almoſt three year old.

Epig. X. *Of Africanus.*

Though he's worth Thouſands, yet his fingers itch;
All are ſtill poor, though many be too rich.

Epig. XIII. To Auctus.

Anger, rich men do count a gain: they live
At leſs expence of purſe to hate, then give.

Epig. XLVII. *upon a divers-humour'd man.*

Th'art merry, ſad, eaſie, and hard to pleaſe;
Nor with, nor from thee can I live at eaſe.

Epig. LI. Of Fabullus.

Wonder no more that *Fabull*'s cheated ſo;
An honeſt man is ſimply honeſt, know.

Epig.

Epig. XCIII. In Zoilum.

Mentitur, qui te vitioſum, Zoiles, *dixit.*
Non vitioſus homo es, Zoile, *ſed vitium.*

MARTIAL. LIBER XII.

Epig. VII. De Ligeia.

Toto vertice quot gerit capillos,
Annos ſi tot habet Ligeia, *trima eſt.*

Epig. X. De Africano.

Habet Africanus *millies, tamen captat;*
Fortuna multis dat nimis, ſatis nulli.

Epig. XIII. Ad Auctum.

Genus, Aucte, *lucri divites habent iram;*
Odiſſe quàm donare vilius conſtat.

Epig. XLVII. In habentem varios mores.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem:
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

Epig. LI. De Fabullo.

Tam ſæpe noſtrum deeipi Fabullum, *quid*
Miraris Aule? ſemper bonus homo tiro eſt.

Epig. LIV. Upon Zoilus.

Red hair, black mouth, badger-legs, blind, I ſee;
Be, *Zoilus*, good, and the worlds wonder be.

Epig. CII. To Mattus.

He who denyes himſelf at home, you ſee,
Mattus, doth ſay, I am aſleep to thee.

MARTIAL. BOOK XIII. Xenia.

Epig. IV. Frankincenſe.

Send perfum'd prayers to *Jove*, that *Cæſar* may
Long rule on earth, e're he heaven's ſcepter ſway.

Epig. XVIII. Leeks.

When you *Tarentine*, Leeks eat, ſhun offence,
With lips cloſe ſeal'd a breathleſs kiſs diſpence.

Epig. XXII. Reiſins in the ſun.

Fit nor for cup, nor *Bacchus*; I will be
Nectar, although not Potable, to thee.

Epig. XXXIX. A Goat.

You once did *Bacchus* wound; this death you have,
O wanton Goat, for the then wound you gave.

Epig. LIII. A Turtle-Dove

Lettuce farewell; fat Turtles give to me;
And poynant hunger the beſt ſawce will be.

Epig. LIV. In Zoilum.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus.
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.

Epig. CII. Ad Mattum.

Qui negat eſſe domi ſe, tunc cùm limina pulſas.
Quid dicat, neſcis? dormio, Matte, tibi.

MARTIALIS. LIBER XIII. Xenia.

Epig. IV. Thus.

Serus ut æthereæ Germanicus imperet aulæ,
utque diu terris, da pia thura Jovi.

Epig. XVIII. Porri ſectivi.

Fila Tarentini graviter redolentia porri
Ediſti quoties, oſcula clauſa dato.

Epig. XXII. Ulva duracina.

Non habilis cyathis, & inutilis uva Lyæo:
Sed non potanti me, tibi Nectar ero.

Epig. XXXIX. Hœdo.

Laſcivum pecus, & viridi non utile Baccho
Det pœnas: nocuit jam tenet ille deo.

Epig. LIII. Turtur.

Dum pinguis mihi turtur erit: lactuca valebis,
Et cochleas tibi habe; perdere nolo famem.

Epig. LIX. A Dormouſe.

Sleeping all Winter I'm moſt fat; no food,
But a full meal of ſleep doth work this good.

Epig. LX. A Rabit.

You a ſmall Burrough working, do deſign
Captains great Cities how to undermine.

Epig. LXII. On a cramm'd Hen.

The Hen grows fat, with darkneſs fed and dough;
The very gut doth now ingenious grow.

Epig. LXXVI. *A wilde Partridge.*

I a wilde Partridge am; what difference? nought,
But that the tame one is the dearer bought.

Epig. LXXXVII. *The Purple fiſh.*

O moſt ungratefull man, not only you
Do dye with me; but likewiſe eat me too.

Epig. XCIV. *The Does.*

The Tusk, the Boar; Harts, horns defend, to all
We naked Does, prey undefended, fall.

Epig. CXXII. *Vineger.*

Ægyptian Vineger deſpiſe not thou:
When it was Wine, 'twas far more vile than now.

Epig. CXXV. *Tarentine wine.*

Happy, and fam'd *Aulon*, in wool, and wine,
The fleece take thou, give me the richer Vine.

Epig.

Epig. LIX. Glires.

Tota mihi dormitur hyems, & pinguior illo
Tempore ſum, quo me nil niſi ſomnus alit.

Epig. LX. Cuniculus.

Gaudet in effoſſis habitare cuniculus antris:
Monſtravit tacitas hoſtibus ille vias.

Epig. LXII. Gallina altilis.

Paſcitur & dulci facilis gallina farinâ,
Paſcitur & tenebris; ingenioſa gula eſt.

Epig. LXXVI. Ruſticula.

Ruſtica ſum, an perdix, quid refert ſi ſapor idem eſt?
Carior eſt perdix: ſic ſapit illa magis.

Epig. LXXXVII. Murices.

Sanguine de noſtro tinctas ingrate lacernas
Induis, &, non eſt hoc ſatis, eſca ſumus.

Epig. XCIV. Damæ.

Dente timentur api; defendunt cornua cervos:
Imbelles damæ, quid niſi præda ſumus?

Epig. CXXII. Acetum.

Amphora Niliaci *non ſit tibi vilis aceti:*
Eſſet cùm vinum, vilior illa fuit.

Epig. CXXV. Tarentinum.

Nobilis & lanis, & felix vitibus Aulon
Det pretioſa tibi vellera, vina mihi.

Epig.

Epig. CXXVII. A Coronet of Roſes to Cæſar.

Winter a Roſe preſents unto thy Throne;
Once 'twas the Springs, but now 'tis *Cæſars* grown.

MARTIAL. BOOK XIV.

APOPHORETA.

Epig. XII. An Ivory Cabinet.

Theſe Ivory Tills ſhould nought contain but Gold,
And more vile wood ſhould baſer ſilver hold.

Epig. XVI. A Caſting box.

The cogging hand may ſlur a Dye; with me
No ſlight prevails; only your hopes are free.

Epig. XXXIV. A Sithe made of a Sword.

Me to a better Trade calme Peace doth change,
I, in the Camp did ſerve, do in the Scange.

Epig. XLIV. A Wooden Candleſtick.

Unleſs you mind, and mend the light, you'l ſee
The Candleſtick it ſelf will Candle be.

Epig. LXXIII. A Parret.

To complement my Maſter teacheth me;
But I by nature am taught loyalty.

Epig.

Epig. CXXVII. Corona Roſea.

Dat feſtinata Cæſar tibi bruma coronas,
Quondam veris erant, nunc tua facta roſa eſt.

MARTIALIS. LIBER XIV

APOPHORETA.

Epig. XII. Loculi eborei.

Hos niſi de flava loculos implere monetâ
Non decet; argentum vilia ligna ferant.

Epig. XVI. Turricula.

Quæ ſcit compoſitos manus improba mittere talos,
Si per me miſit, nil niſi vota facit.

Epig. XXXIV. Falx ex enſe.

Pax me certa ducis placidos curvavit in uſus.
Agricolæ nunc ſum, militis ante fui.

Epig. XLIV. *Candelabrum ligneum.*

Eſſe vides ligneum: ſerves niſi lumina fiet
De candelabro magna lucerna tibi.

Epig. LXXIII. Pſittacus.

Pſittacus à vobis aliorum nomina diſcam:
Hoc didici per me dicere, Cæſar, ave.

Epig. LXXV. *A Nightingale.*

Wrong'd *Philomel*, while woman, mute was ſhe;
But ſince a bird, ſings her own Eligy.

Epig. LXXVI. *A Pie.*

Did you nor ſee, (ſuch a true voyce I fain)
Thinking me man, you would Salute again.

Epig. LXXXIX. *A Citron-table.*

Atlas this Citron-table ſends to thee:
Should he give gold, the gift would viler be.

Epig. CXI. Chryſtal-glaſſes.

You Chryſtal break, for fear of breaking it:
Careleſs and carefull hands like fault commit.

Epig. CXXXIII. A Granada Cloak.

I'me as I ſeem; not any dyer gave,
But nature dyed this colour that I have.

Epig. CXLVII. A Rugge.

Warm purple Ruggs without, what profit theſe,
If an old Wife within doth make thee freeze?

Epig. CLXII. Hay.

Scuff thy cheap Tick with hay, pale care will fly;
She never doth upon a hard bed ly.

Epig. CLXXVII. *Corinthian Hercules.*

See how the Child doth the two Serpents tear,
And ſqueeze out life; *Hydra* even now may fear.

Epig.

Epig. LXXV. Luſcinia.

Flet Philomela *nefas inceſti* Tereos, *& quæ*
Muta puella fuit, garrula fertur avis.

Epig. LXXVI. Pica.

Pica loquax certa dominum te voce ſaluto:
Si me non videas, eſſe negabis avem.

Epig. LXXXIX. Menſa citrea.

Accipe felices Atlantica *munera ſylvas:*
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

Epig. CXI. Chryſtallina.

Frangere dum metuis, frangis chryſtallina: peccant
Securæ nimium, ſolicitæque manus.

Epig. CXXXIII. Lacernæ Bæticæ.

Non eſt lana mihi mendax, nec mutor aëno:
Si placeant Tyriæ, *me mea tinxit ovis.*

CXLVII. Cubicularia gauſapina.

Stragula purpureis lucent villoſa tapetis;
Quid prodeſt, ſi te congelat uxor anus?

Epig. CLXII. Fœnum.

Fraudata tumeat facilis tibi culcita pluma;
Non venit ad duros pallidâ cura toros.

Epig. CLXXVII. Hercules Corinthius.

Elidit geminos infans, nec reſpicit angues;
Jam poterat teneras hydra timere manus:

Epig.

Epig. CLXXX. The picture of Europa.

Great Father of the gods, a Bull then thou
Should'ſt be, when Iö was transform'd a Cow.

Epig. CLXXXI. Leander in Marble.

Thus bold *Leander* ſpake to the ſwel'd wave;
Spare me till I return, be then my grave.

Epig. CXC. Livy in Parchment.

In a ſmall Parchment ſee great *Livy* roll'd;
Whom all my Study is too ſmall to hold.

Epig. CXCIV. Lucan.

There ſome be ſay I do not poetize:
But he who ſells me finds it otherwiſe.

Epig. CXCVII. A little Mule.

You need not fear a fall from the low Mule;
You almoſt higher ſit when earth's your ſtool.

Epig. CCVIII. A Notary.

This ſwifter hand doth the ſwift words out-run,
Before the Tongue hath ſpoke, the hand hath done.

Epig. CCX. A Fool.

A modeſt Folly may for wiſdome go;
And he's leſs wiſe that would ſeem more than ſo.

Epig. CCXI. A Ram's head.

You the *Phryxean* beaſt do kill; yet he
Diſrob'd himſelf to dreſs ungratefull thee.

Epig.

Epig. CLXXX. Europa picta.

Mutari melius tauro pater optime divûm
Tunc poteras, Iô cum tibi vacca fuit.

Epig. CLXXXI. Leander marmoreus.

Clamabat tumidis audax Leander *in undis,*
*Mergite me fluctus, cùm redituru*s *ero.*

Epig. CXC. Livius in membranis.

Pellibus exiguis arctatur Livius *ingens,*
Quem mea non totum bibliotheca capit.

Epig. CXCVI. Lucan.

Sunt quidam, qui me dicunt non esse Poetam:
Sed qui me vendit bibliopola, putat.

Epig. CXCVII. Mulæ pomiliæ.

His tibi de mulis non est metuanda ruina:
Altiùs in terra pæne sedere soles.

Epig. CCVIII. Notarius.

Currant verba licet manus est velocior illis:
Nondum lingua suum, dextra perigit opus.

Epig. CCX. Morio.

Non mendax stupor est, nec fingitur arte dolosa
Quisquis plus justo non sapit, ille sapit.

Epig. CCXI. Caput arietinum.

Mollia Phryxei *secuisti colla mariti,*
Hoc meruit, tunicam qui tibi sæpe dedit.

Epig.

Epig. CCXII. A Dwarf.

Whom for his Head you *Hector* think, you'l call
Hector's young ſon, when you perceive how tall.

Epig. CCXVII. On an Ordinary.

Your Ordinary and number name; what is't ?
Not a word more; your Supper's dreſt and diſht.

Epig. CCXX. A cook.

A Cook ſhould double one ſence have; for he
Should taſter for himſelf and maſter be.

The end.

Epig. CCXII. Pumilio.

Si ſolum ſpectes hominis caput, Hectora *credes*:
Si ſtantem videas. Aſtyanacta *plures*.

Epig. CCXVII. Obſonator.

Dic quotus, & quanti cupias cœnare, nec unum
Addideris verbum: cœna parata tibi eſt.

Epig. CCXX. Coquus.

Non ſatis eſt ars ſola coquo, ſervire palato:
Namq; coquus domini debet habere gulam.

FINIS.

THE CHOICEST
DISTICKS
Of all the Chief
LATINE POETS
That have writ in theſe
Two laſt CENTURIES.

Johannes Paſſeratius.

Upon the Seal of a Love-letter.

OPening the Wax, Husbandmen Honey find;
The ſame ſhall you, having this Wax disjoy'nd.

The Epitaph of the moſt upright Senator,
Carterius.

Friend, read, and wonder at this Obſequy;
For here the ſtrange thing, a good man doth ly.

Theodorus Beza.

upon a certain Encomiaſt of Aſſes.

Why praiſe you Aſſes, alwaies erring thus?
Doſt thou not know? know thy ſelf, *Ponticus.*

On Zoilus.

My Book to you, O *Zoilus*, ſeems too ſmall:
I only wiſh it would ſeem ſo to all.

Johannes

Johannes Paſſeratius.

In ceram quâ obſignantur literæ amatoriæ.

Agricolæ reſerant ceras, & mella leguntur;
Hanc reſera ceram, tu quoq; mella leges.

Epitaphium *Carterii* Senatoris integerrimi.

Qui legis hunc titulum tumuli, miraberis, hoſpes:
Res ſimilis monſtri, vir bonus hic ſitus eſt.

Theodorus Beza.

In quendam aſinorum Encomiaſten.

Dum laudas aſinos, toties cur, Pontice, *peccas?*
Nempe tibi ignotum γνῶθι σεαυτὸν erat.

In Zoilum.

Brevem Zoile *dicis hunc libellum:*
O ſi poſſit idem omnibus videri!

Upon Drunkards.

You often ask to ſee a drunken man:
Such a one, *Nævolus* you nowhere can.

M. Brutus Felo de ſe.

I, under *Cæſar* might his treaſure uſe,
But then a Lord, free death did rather chooſe.

Xenophon *bearing in his left hand a Pen, and in his right a Sword.*

Mars, and the Muſes ſerving, Barbarous men
By th' Sword I vanquiſh, Language by the Pen.

Scœvola Sammarthanus.

Upon certain Writers of this Age.

Why thus obſcure d'ee write? or make a clue
To th' Paper Labyrinth, or you nothing do.

Of P. Felix.

Why *Felix* doth not wed d'ee ask? the ſame
When he ſhall do, he muſt divorce his name.

In Ebrioſos.

Quæris quis ſit homo ebrioſus? atqui
Nullus eſt homo, Nævole, ebrioſus.

M. Brutus, ἀντόχειρ.

Divitiis uti licuit cum Cæſare *partis;*
Ferre necem poſſem, non potui dominum.

Xenophon lævâ calamum, dextrâ gladium geſtans.

Quid Marti, *& Muſis,* Xenophon? *ſic vicimus olim*
Barbariem gladio, barbariem calamo.

Scævola Sammarthanus.

In quoſdam hujus ætatis ſcriptores.

Quid juvat obſcuris involvere ſcripta latebris?
Ni pateant animi ſenſa, tacere potes.

De P. Felice.

Quæritis, uxorem fugiat cur ducere Felix?
Hoc ſine jactura nominis ille nequit.

Jacobus Rœgrius.

Of a rich unlearned man.

The Cynick of a rich Dunce ſaid, I ſee
Sheep Golden-fleec'd, the Fables's true, quoth he.

Adrianus Turnebus.

On a ball'd-man.

I know thee not, yet praiſe thy hair, they hate
And ſcorn to dwell on ſuch a naſty pate.

The Epitaph of Turnebus.

Here lyes *Turnebus*: ask whoſe he? then know
Y'are groſly ignorant, and be ever ſo.

Henricus Stephanus.

On a covetous man's death,

The Covetous man, whoſe Life's a living death,
Grieves not to dy, but gratis loſe his breath.

On the Picture of Menodus.

Menodot's Picture *Diodore* did Lim,
'Twas live like to any one but him.

Johan-

Jacobus Roegrius.

In divitem indoctum.

Videt ut indoctum Cynicus, cui purpura veſtis;
Aurato video vellere dixit, ovem.

Adrianus Turnebus.

In Calvum.

Calve mihi, tecum nihil eſt, ſed laudo capillos
Iſtud quòd tetrum deſeruere caput.

Turnebi Epitaphium incerto authore.

Turnebus *jacet hìc: quis ſit ſi quærere pergis,*
Jam dignus es qui neſcias.

Henricus Stephanus.

Avari mors.

Non gemit ob mortem, cui vita ſimillima morti:
Sed quòd ſit gratis mors morienda dolet.

Lxonidæ, *è Græco.*

Menodoti *effigiem pinxit* Diodorus, *at illa eſt*
Menodoto *excepto cuilibet aſſimilis.*

Johan-

Johannes Jacomotius.

The saying of Crates the Milesian.

Would'st thou what's rare, and un-accustomed see?
There's nought so rare as long-liv'd Tyranny.

Corderius Lepidus.

Venus cut in marble.

The Poets *Venus* call a Whore; I see
Not why; yet know, this is all Chastity.

Martialis Monerius.

A Lyer's reward.

What doth a Lyer get by being so?
This, even his Truth for Truth shall never go.

On Zozimus.

Zozimus sayes his Tongue's like *Mercury*:
Not so good *Zozimus*; your fingers be.

Johannes

Johannes Jacomotius.

Vox Cratetis Mileſii.

Quæris difficile invenire quid ſit ?
O quàm difficile eſt ſenem tyrannum !

Corderius Lepidus.

Venus marmorea.

Neſcio cur Venerem *meretricem carmina dicant;*
Hoc ſcio quòd nihil hac caſtius eſſe poteſt.

Martialis Monerius.

Mendacii merces.

Mendacio quid vanus acquirit ſibi ?
Ut vera dicens impetret numquam fidem.

In Zozimum.

Mercurio *ſimilem dicis te,* Zozime, *linguâ :*
Fallit te ratio, Zozime; *dic manibus.*

On the Tombe of Archilochus, out of Greek.

Paſs this Tomb, Reader, ſoftly as you can:
Waſpiſh Iambicks leaſt you raiſe again.

On Zoilus.

At all things *Zoilus* ſnaps and hath a fling:
He's ſordid, *Zoilus*, ſnaps at every thing.

Mar. Antonius Muretus.

On a certain man.

Æolus Cheek, face Son of *Semele*,
Vulcan's pace; Strange! three Gods in one man ſee.

On too delicate a Feaſt-maker.

And why theſe Kickſhaws? Puff-paſt is not it
Which I deſire: diſh me an Appetite.

The Image of Bacchus on a Fountain.

Unhappy Mid-wife, fire had almoſt proved
My death, unborn, ſince I have Fountains lov'd.

In tumulum Archilochi, *è Græco.*

Hoc ne crabrones tumulo irritentur humati,
Quàm potes hinc tacitè, quæso, viator abi.

In Zoilum.

Qui nihil ipse facis, cur omnia, Zoile *mordes?*
Omnia qui mordet, Zoile, *sordidus est.*

Mar. Antonius Muretus.

In quendam.

Mulciber *incessu, capite* Æolus, *ore* Lydus,
Tres uno duos corpore solus habes.

In Convivatorem nimiùm prolixium.

Quonam scriblitas, quonam ista sophismata ponis?
Vis benè convivas pascere? pone famem.

Bacchus fonti impositus.

Nondum natus eram, cum me propè perdidit ignis:
Ex illo fontes tempore Bacchus *amo.*

Stephanus

Stephanus Paſchaſius.

To the Phyſicians.

Your pains are free to me; the gift is brave:
But yet not worth the hazard of a grave.

Upon Otho.

Who, *Otho*, ſayes, lyes alwaies, doth no leſs;
Otho himſelf a Lyer doth confeſs.

On Quintus.

Evil to do when *Quintus* you do fear,
You do no good while you thus doubtfull are.

Upon Marcus.

Who, *Marcus*, ſayes, gives words, doth do him wrong;
Marcus no words doth give, he ſells his tongue.

A Staff.

What Nature hath deny'd eyes, ears, and mind;
Though ſenceleſs, is a conduct to the Blind.

On a bad Author of Faſting.

So hungerly you do for Faſting plead,
Though faſting, I am cloid when you I read.

Of Harpalus.

The Poor, his Heir, makes *Harpalus*; that he
Who ſhould be ſo, might weep unfeinedly.

Stephanus Paſchaſius.

Ad medicos.

Gratuitas operas mihi qui promittitis ægro,
Parcite; non tanti eſt æger ut eſſe velim.

In Othonem

Mentitur quiſquis mentiri ſemper Othonem
Dicit; mendacem ſe profitetur Otho.

In Quintum.

Dum dubius fluit hâc aut illâc, dum timet anceps
Ne malè quid faciat, nil benè Quintus *agit.*

In Marcum.

Errat, qui Marcum *credit dare verba clienti;*
Marcus *verba ſolet vendere, nulla dare.*

Baculus.

Cui natura oculos, aures, animamque negavit,
Hic tamen eſt cæco duxq; reduxq; viæ.

In malum jejuniorum ſcriptorem.

Tam pia jejunè tractas jejunia, ut illa
Dum lego jejunus, ſum ſatiatus ego.

De Harpalo.

Omnia pauperibus moriens dedit Harpalus, *hæres*
Ut ſe non fictus exprimat in lachrymas.

Myron's Cow.

Herdſman, and herd, nay *Mycon* I deceive;
And *Jove* turn'd Bull, for me would heaven leave.

To Candidus.

Me, ſick you viſit, not when well I be:
O mayſt thou never, if thus, viſit me.

To Nicholas Paſchaſius.

So with the Gods act as if man did hear,
And ſo with Man as if the Gods were there.

To Paulus.

Following great men you your ſelf great eſteem;
Young Pages and ſmall Dwarfs do follow them.

An Epitaph upon a Baſtard.

Who Urne incloſ'd lyes here, doſt ask his name?
I, Reader, know not, nor did he the ſame.

Johannes *Auratus*:

A Womans nature.

Women ſweet evils are, and twice good thoſe;
Both in their Wedding, and their winding cloths.

Bucula

Buculà Myronis.

Fallo gregem, fallo paſtorem, fallo Myronem:
Induet & pro me Jupiter *ipſe bovem.*

Ad Candidum.

Ægrotum viſis, ſanum me viſere ceſſas:
O utinam unquam, Candide, *me videas.*

Ad Nicholaum Paſchaſium filium.

Sic age cum ſuperis quaſi te plebs audiat omnis;
Sic age cum populo, dii quaſi te videant.

Ad Paulum.

Quòd ſequeris reges, magnus tibi, Paule, *videris;*
Qui magnos ſequitur, Paule, *puſillus homo eſt.*

Cujuſdam Anonymi, vel (ſi mavis) ſpurii Epitaphium.

Quæris quis jacet hac, viator, urnâ?
Nomen neſcio, neſciebat ipſe.

Johannes Auratus.

Mulieris Natura.

Fœmina dulce malum, horis opportuna duabus,
Cum jacet in thalamo, cum jacet in tumulo.

Joachimus Bellaius.

On the Title of a certain Book.

A Book of Toyes, your Book, you, *Paulus*, call,
The Title of the Piece is beſt of all.

The Epitaph of a Dogg.

The Lover I let paſſe, the Thief did ſeize:
So I both Maſter did, and Miſtreſs pleaſe.

Nicholans Borbonius.

On a Covetous man.

Dying *Avarus* weeps, not to lament
His death, but coin in Cake, and Coffin ſpent.

To his Father.

Father, you ſay my Fancie's cold and low:
The Water-Poets fancy's alwayes ſo.

Stephanus Forcatulus.

To Apelles.

Why paint you *Venus* Water-born? when ſhe
Born of hot luſtfull Wine ſhould rather be.

Joachimus

Joachimus Bellaius.

In libri cujuſdam titulum.

Paule, *tuum inſcribis nugarum nomine librum,*
In toto libro nil melius titulo.

Epitaphium Canis.

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amanti:
Sic placui domino, ſic placui dominæ.

Nicholaus Borbonius.

In avarum.

Dum moritur, lacrymat, non quòd moriatur avarus,
Sed loculum tanti quod ſibi nollet emi.

Ad Patrem.

Frigida noſtra pater dixiſti carmina: ſanè
Frigent quæ fecit carmina potor aquæ.

Stephanus Forcatulus.

Ad Apellem.

Emerſam ex undis Venerem *cur pingis* Apelles?
Spumifero natam tu magè pinge mero.

Of Love and Bees.

Thus Love and Bees agree: both honey bear
And ſting: both love the ſound of Chink to hear.

Johannes Girardus.

The power of Wine.

Bacchus both ſtrength doth adde, and yet abate.
When ſoberly; when drunk immoderate.

To Cantulus.

A Wife you took deform'd, yet rich 'tis ſaid:
By th' Fingers, *Cantulus*, not eyes you wed.

Paulus Thomas.

Of Fabius.

Fabius is moſt believed, yet moſt doth lye;
His words not taken, but Security.

Of Titus.

Titus was tame when ſingle; yet ſince he
Was yoak'd in Wedlock, butts moſt cruelly.

De amore & apibus.

Conveniunt & apes & amor: nam ſpicula melle
Mixta gerunt: avis gaudet uterq; ſono.

Johannes Girardus.

Bacchi vis.

Extenuat Bacchus *vires, & roborat idem;*
Si fuerit nimius; ſi fuerit modicus.

Cantulo.

Duxiſti uxorem deformem, ſed locupletem;
Duxiſti digitis, Cantule, *non oculis.*

Paulus Thomas.

In Fabium.

Nulli quàm Fabio *tota plus creditur urbe;*
Mendacine adeo? quomodo? pignora dat.

De Tito.

Antea mitis erat Titus; *at nunc conjuge ducta,*
Occurſare Tito, *cornuferit ille, caveto.*

Of Celſus.

In ſelf-love *Celſus* burns; he, *Candidus*,
Is happy man, he hath no Rival thus.

Paris.

Judge, Firebrand, Gueſt, mad, fatal, perjured,
I, *Venus*, *Ilium*, *Helen*, praiſe, fire, wed.

Æneas.

I Valour have, and Piety: and gain
By them in *Italy* and Heaven to reign.

Fabius Maximus.

Let others do great things, *Cunctator*, I
Will nothing do, yet get the Victory.

Pompeius.

Envy not *Cæſar*'s fortune, it declares
Unhappy you, him guilty in the wars.

Joſephus Scaliger.

An unlearned Nobleman.

Who diſagree in Cloaths, agree in this;
The Nobleman and Clown like learned is.

De Celſo.

Ardet amore ſui Celſus: *nonne ille beatus?*
Rivalem nullum, Candide, Celſus *habet.*

Paris.

Judex, fax, hoſpes, maleſanus, acerba, ſceleſtus,
Cyprida, Trojam, Helenam, *laudo, cremo, rapio.*

Æneas.

Sum pius & fortis: duplex duo præmia virtus;
Italiæ *hæc regnum dat mihi, at illa polum.*

Fabius Maximus.

Res gerat egregias alius; proprium hoc mihi, quòd rem
Romanam Fabius *ſervo gerendo nihil.*

Pompeius.

Ne nimiùm invideas fortunæ Cæſaris; *acti*
Eſtis in Æmathia, *tu miſer, ille nocens.*

Ioſephus Scaliger.

Nobilis imperitus.

Sunt diſcolores veſtibus, plebs, nobiles;
Sed concolores ſunt utriq; moribus.

Of the fear of death.

The fear of death is worſe than death; we may
Contemn, we cannot ſhun the fatal day.

Ignatius Albanus.

To Charles Borgia.

My Muſe ne're ſeeing thy Father, wept; but ſhe,
I've ſeen him ſaid, and ceas'd, when ſhe ſaw thee.

Andreas Aceatus.

A Pome-Citterne.

The tart ſweet taſt theſe *Venus* Aples ſpeak;
Thus Love a bitter ſweet is ſtiled by th' Greek.

An Almond tree.

Why art thou ripe ſo early in the year?
I hate too early ripeneſs anywhere.

An Oak.

I once for fruit was us'd, for ſhade now be:
Even thus I ſtill am *Jove*'s officious tree.

De timore mortis.

Formido mortis morte pejor; non potes
Vitare mortem, ſed potes contemnere.

Ignatius Albanus.

Ad Carolum Borgiam Ducem Gaudiæ.

Flebat Muſa tuum ſe non vidiſſe parentem;
Cum te reſpexit; vidi, ait, & tacuit.

Andreas Aceatus.

Malus medica.

Aurea ſunt Veneris poma hæc; jucundus amator
Indicat; eſt Græcis ſic γλυκυπίκρ& amor.

Amigdalus.

Cur properans foliis præmittis, Amigdale, flores?
Odi pupillos præcocis ingenii.

Quercus.

Glande aluit veteres, ſolâ nunc proficit umbrâ:
Sic quoq; ſic arbor officioſa Jovis.

Hiero

Hiero Angerianus.

To the Painter of Cœlia.

Deface this Piece; leaſt with a double fire
We burn; Picture and Life both flames inſpire.

Georgius Anſelmus.

Of Doctor Soſylus.

The Butcher *Soſylus* a Quack is made:
Nor wonder; he but name hath chang'd, not Trade.

Ludovicus Areoſtus.

Of a beauteous Boy

Seeing a fair dead Boy, kind *Venus* ſaid,
Ah me! ſuch my *Adonis* was when dead.

Ludovicus Bigus.

To Flaccus.

Rejoyce, you'r old and honeſt, *Flaccus*; you
Being age-bound, what you ſhould not, cannot do.

Hiero Angerianus.

Ad pictorem de imagine Cœliæ.

Dele opus hoc, pictor; duplici ne Cœlia *flammâ*
Nos urat: picta & viva dat ore faces.

Georgius Anſelmus.

De Soſylo Medico.

De lanio medicus fit Soſylus: *haud nova res eſt;*
Fecit enim lanius, quod facit & medicus.

Ludovicus Areoſtus.

De puero formoſo.

Exanimum Paphie *puerum miſerata feretro:*
Eheu! talis, ait, noſter Adonis *erat.*

Ludovicus Bigus.

Ad Flaccum.

Immenſas tremulæ grates age, Flacce, *ſenectæ,*
Nam quod dubueras nec voluiſſe, nequis.

To Maurus.

Pardon thy ſuppliant Foe; think, *Maurus*, you
Puniſh enough, if able ſo to do.

An envious Man's puniſhment.

Let *Zoilus* carp; yet, *Titus*, I'me content;
An envious mind is a ſelf-puniſhment.

To Linus.

The Sickneſs you would ſhun, the Plague you fear:
Change your Conditions, *Linus*, not the air.

Cœlius Calcagnius.

To an old man uſing a ſtaff.

And why this Staff? your legs, alone I know,
Sufficient are Death's Pilgrimage to go.

A rule to live and dye well.

Learn well to live, ſo death will happy be:
Learn well to dye, ſo you'l live happily.

Niobe.

The Carver makes not what the gods did do;
Stone is the Life, and Stone th' Effigies too.

Ad Maurum.

Maure, tuas jacet ante fores, & ſupplicat hoſtis:
Pœnarum ulciſci poſſe, ſat eſſe puta.

Invidus pœna ſui.

Mordenti mirare meos me parcere verſus?
Invida ſat gravis eſt mens, Tite, pœna ſui.

Ad Linum.

Si quibus obrueris mens eſt explodere peſtes,
Eſt opus eſſe alium te, Line, non alibi.

Cælius Calcagnius.

Ad ſenem baculo utentem.

Quid baculo moliris iter, quid te magis urges
Ad mortem gemino non ſatis ire pede?

Inſtructio ad mortem.

Ut tibi mors felix contingat, vivere diſce:
Ut felix poſſis vivere, diſce mori.

Niobe.

Qualis eram me talem opifex effinxit, & olim
Me lapidem factam, nunc lapidem eſſe vides.

Of the ſame.

The Gods from life transform'd me Stone in vain:
Praxiteles doth give me life again.

Franciſcus Franchinus,

To Gaurus the Grammarian.

Male, Female, Neuter born? ſure, *Gaurus*, you
By th' Rule of Grammer get your children too.

Cynthius Gyraldus.

Of Love.

Fire in the Ice, Ice in the Fire, I prove:
How came theſe Evils ask you? know I love.

Benedictus Jovius.

A Marigold.

Now to the ſet, now to the riſe, I turn;
Have I not ſence? in the Sun's love I burn.

A Lark in a Cage.

Nought's worſe than Bonds: releaſe me Wretch and I
Will ſinging raiſe your prayſe unto the ſky.

In eandem.

Vivam o'im in lapidem verterunt numina : ſed me
Praxiteles *vivam reddidit ex lapide.*

Franciſcus Franchinus.

Gauro Grammatico.

Tres nati ſunt, Gaure, *tibi, mas, famina, neutrum:*
Gratulor, eſt ſoboles congrua Grammatico.

Cynthius Gyraldus.

De ſuo amore.

Exuror glacie in media, dumq; uror, in igne
A'geo : cur patior hæc mala quæris ? amo ?

Benedictus Jovius.

Soliſequa.

Vertor ad occaſum, rurſus convertor ad ortum.
Solis amo radios; an mihi ſenſus ineſt ?

Alauda in caveâ.

Aſperius nihil eſt vinclis, & carcere antro :
Solvite me miſeram, ſolvite, dulce canam.

Laurentius

Laurentius Lippus.

Of Zeuxis and Parrhasius.

Zeuxis the Fowles, *Parrhasius Zeuxis* can
Deceive: this cheats the Bird, but he the Man.

The Elephant.

Who can deny immortal Deities?
When very beasts acknowledge such as these.

Maphæus Barberinus.

Of Dido.

Unhappy *Dido* still with cross Fate wed:
When that dyed flying, dying when you fled.

Marius Bettinus.

Of the Baptist in the Wilderness.

Poet. *Baptist.*

Poet. Thee, Cave-inhabitant, what shall I call?
Bapt. Dost thou not hear? the Cave doth tell; a Call.

Laurentius Lippius.

De certamine Zeuxis & Parrhaſii.

Fallit aves Zeuxis, Zeuxis *deluditur arte*
Parrhaſii, *volucres hic capit, ille virum.*

Elephas.

Quis tollet ſuperos? Quis numina ſancta negabit?
Cum fera perpetuos ſentiat eſſe Deos.

Maphæus Barberinus.

De Didone.

Infelix Dido *nulli bene nupta marito:*
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Marinus Bettinus.

De Baptiſta in eremo.

Poeta. Baptiſta.

Poeta. *Cultor antri, quem te vocem?*
Bapt. *Audin? antrum reddit; vocem.*

upon Judas.

If Hail bring death, what may an evil word ?
If thus thy kiſs doth wound, how would thy Sword ?

upon Chriſts birth-night.

The night ſhineth as the day, &c. Pſal. 139. 12.

How fitly Night turns Day, and Darkneſs flyes,
When the true Sun that never ſets doth riſe!

upon Thomas the Apoſtle.

Unleſs confirm'd by Sight, there is in thee
No faith, no faith will ever, *Thomas*, be.

Ericius Puteanus.

Of the image of death.

In this one Image every man we ſee
Who was, who is, in future who ſhall be.

Balthaſar Bonifacius.

To the Hetruſcan Poet.

Steal not, *Hetruſcan* Poet, Verſes here;
Cur *Momus* barks at ſuch Thieves; come not near.

In

In Judam.

Morte quid efficies, ſi fers fera fata ſalute?
Oſcula ſi feriunt, vulnera quid facient?

In noctem Chriſti natalem.

Nox ſicut dies illuminabitur, &c.

Quid ni diem nox datura,
Verum ſolem paritura?

In Thomam Apoſtolum.

Si tibi, ni rebus fuerit firmata videndis,
Non erit ulla fides, non erit ulla fides.

Ericius Puteanus.

In imaginem mortis.

Hæc una imago eſt omnium
Quot ſunt, fuêre, quotq; erunt.

Balthaſar Bonifacius.

Ad Poetam Hetruſcum.

Non huc furatum venias, Hetruſce *poeta;*
Furibus oblatrat pro sane Momus; *abi.*

On Zoilus.

Still whom I love, dye. *Zoilus* for this end,
Although I hate thee, thou ſhalt be my friend.

upon Phyl'is.

Much Joy brings Death: and *Phyllis* means no leſs,
Who therefore loves to kill with happineſs.

To Teſtylus.

Loves fire, O *Teſtylus*, none can conceal:
The Cough, Love, and the Scab, themſelves reveal.

upon Phyllis.

Phyllis hath ſpots; and while that ſhe hath ſo,
Thoſe Stars for Spots, and Spots for Stars ſhall go.

Of Marcus.

Marcus no Muſick hath; yet ſtill he ſhakes
His Heels: A full Purſe the beſt Muſick makes.

Pamphilu's Tombe.

You a chief Lover were, and Love with thee
Half-buried mourns thine, and his Obſequy.

In Zoilum.

Omnes quotquot amo, pereunt. Te, Zoile, quamvis
Sis odioſus, amo; ſcilicet, ut pereas.

In Phyllida.

Lætitiâ quoniam nimiâ pleroſq; periſſe
Novimus; ut moriar, me mea Phyllis amat.

Ad Teſtylum.

Teſtyle, nemo poteſt celare Cupidinis ignes;
Tuſſis, amor, ſcabies ſunt manifeſta mala.

In Phyllida.

Phyllis habet maculas: maculas dum Phyllis habebit,
In cœlo ſtabunt ſydera pro maculis.

Ad Marcum.

Perpetuò ſaltas, nullo tibi, Marce, ſonante;
Nam tibi pro cythara, Marce, crumena ſonat.

Pamphili ſepulchrum.

Pamphile, totus amor fueras, lacrymiſq; ſepulchrum
Irrigat hîc tecum ſemiſepultus amor.

Franciſcus Garola.

Of a beautifull Youth in arms.

As *Venus Mars*, *Mars Venus* ſought, when thee
They ſaw, Both thought each other they did ſee.

Raph. Macentinus.

Of Lycus.

You ask why *Lycus* beard, not head is gray?
I'me oftner tir'd in th' Throat then Brain, he'le ſay.

Anton. Tebaltius.

To Cæſar.

Thy Souldier, *Cæſar*, how to conquer knows,
But only thou how to forgive thy foes.

Franciſ. Rainerius.

On a ſoo'liſh Drunkard.

All drunk; he would be ſober thought: thus he
Both drunk with wine and folly proved to be.

Franciſcus Garola.

De puero armato.

Mars Venerem, Martemq; Venus *dum quærit, uterq;*
Quæ ſitum, viſo te, reperiſſe putant.

Raph. Macentinus.

De Lyco.

Candidior cur barba Lycus *ſit crine rogatus,*
Sæpè fatigor, ait, guttere, non cerebro.

Anton. Tebaldius.

Cæſari.

Gloria vincendi junctа eſt cum milite, Cæſar;
Cæſar, *parcendi gloria ſola tua eſt.*

Franciſ. Rainerius.

In Fatuum.

Ebrii erant omnes, Fatuus *vult ſobrius eſſe,*
Hinc ſolus viſus ebrius & fatuus.

On the picture of Pythagoras.

The Painter could have made *Pythagoras* ſpeak,
But then he ſhould his laws of Silence break.

Petrus Leo Caſella.

On St. Gregories Gueſts.

Bleſt Saint, twice Six poor men you feaſt: for which
Angels augment thy number, and enrich.

Actius Sannazarius.

Of Poggius the Hiſtorian.

His Country *Poggius* prayſeth, Foes doth curſe,
No Subject better is, Hiſtorian worſe.

To Æglen.

If, *Æglen*, I am *Phœbus*, *Jove* to thee,
Why be'nt you *Daphne*, *Danaë* to me.

Of the younger Ferdinand.

Antilochus for Years he is; for Deeds
You'l think he three-aged *Neſtor* far exceeds.

In Pythagoram pictum.

Pythagoram pictor poterat pinxisse loquentem,
Verùm Pythagoram *conticuisse juvat.*

Petrus Leo Casella.

In S. Gregorii mensam marmoream.

Bissenas jubet hîc Gregorius *excipi egenos:*
Sed numerum excedens angelus accubitat.

Actius Sannazarius.

De Poggio Historico.

Dum patriam laudat, damnat dum Poggius *hostem,*
Nec malus est arvis, nec bonus historicus.

Ad Æglen.

Si tibi sunt Phœbus, *si sum tibi* Jupiter, Ægle,
Cur tu non Daphne *sis mihi, non* Danaë.

In Ferdinandum juniorem.

Si merita audieris Fernandi, Nestora *credas:*
Si numeres annos, dixeris Antilochum.

Franc. Spinula.

Of one glorying in his ſight.

Surpaſſing *Lynceus*, all things well you ſee:
Who ſees all well, ſees not ſufficiently.

To Dionyſius Athanaſius.

Let golden mean in every action ſhine:
Be Friend to all, that all men may be thine.

Angelus Politianus.

Upon Pamphilus.

Still you ſend Wine to me, ſtill Wine: now know,
If you would pleaſe me more, then Thirſt beſtow.

To Laurentius.

The Civick Oaken Crown you well may have,
Who do not one, but every Subject ſave.

On Albiera taken away by a too ſudden fate, To her Father.

In Heaven your daughter lives; de'e weep to be
Albiera's Father now a Deity.

To Prince Galeotus.

Gifts why he brings not promis'd long ago,
Ask you your Poet? He's a Poet know.

Franc. Spinula.

In quendam viſu gloriantem.

Certè ego ſat video: magis eſto Lynceus ipſe;
Qui rectum omne videt, non ſatis ille videt.

Ad Dionyſium Athanaſium.

Fac modus in rebus tibi ſit, Jovis optime fili,
Et bonus eſto aliis, ut tibi ſis melior.

Angelus Politianus.

In Pamphilum.

Mittis vina mihi; mihi, Pamphile, vina ſuperſunt:
Vis magè quod placeat mittere? mitte ſitim.

Ad Laurentium.

Quam benè glandiferâ cingis tua tempora quercu,
Qui civem ſervas non modò, ſed populum!

In Albieram fato immaturo ereptam.
Ad genitorem.

Quid quereris genitor? vivit tua filia cœlo
Albiera: *annè deam progenuiſſe doles?*

Ad Galeotum Principem.

Cur promiſſa tibi tuus poeta
Nondum præſtiterit rogas? poeta eſt.

To

To Franciſcus.

Envy her ſelf, *Franciſcus*, never bit,
He did ſo well, him who againſt her writ.

Hercules Stroza.

On a Marble Cupid; being part of the Armes of Borgia.

Admire not *Atlas* made by *Gorgon* ſtone;
When Love by *Borgia's* ſight is Marble grown.

Lœlius Capilupus.

On the death of Peter Bembus.

All Rivers flow with tears, but *Helicon*
Still ebbing with thy Life, is dry, thou gon.

Math. Chitraeus.

Both good and bad men are to be regarded.

The *Romans* ſo not only did implore
Their Goddeſs Health, but Plague and Scab adore.

Upon Vulpone.

Vulpon's ſmooth words take not me: Bad men
When ſeeming Saints, are very Devils then.

Ad Franciſcum.

Scripſit in invidiam quidam, Franciſce, poeta
Tam benè, tam doctè, nullus ut invideat.

Hercules Stroza.

In Cupidinem marmoreum ſuper Leonis ſpolia dormientem, Borgiæ inſignia.

Gorgone *quid mirum* Lybicus *ſi duruit* Atlas?
Lumine Borgiados *ſaxificatus amor.*

Lælius Capilupus.

In mortem Petri Bembi.

Morte tua fluxit lachrymis & Tybris, & Arnus,
Bembe, *ſed* Aioniis *aruit unda vadis.*

Nath. Chitræus.

Boni colendi & mali.

Romula ſic olim non tantùm turba Salutem,
Cum ſcabie ſævam ſed coluere Febrem.

In Vulpeculam.

Blanditur vulpes, ſed non ego credulus illi:
Peſſimus eſt ſimulans ſe malus eſſe bonum.

Euricius Cordus.

On the pictures of Sleep and Drunkenneſs.

Well might *Apelles* paint us lively thus;
We both were with him when he painted us.

To Philomuſus.

Only dead wits you like, if ſo it be,
May'ſt thou ne're like, *O Philomuſus*, me.

Cunradinus.

Upon a Fly drown'd in a golden Cup.

Being drown'd in this rich Wine, I could not have
A ſweeter Death, nor a more glorious Grave.

Chriſtophorus Manlius.

Let Chriſt's Members reſemble their Head.

Our Head being Crown'd with *Thorns*, O how can we
Go cloath'd in ſilks, and yet his Members be!

Albertus Melemannus.

The ſaying of King Alphonſus.

A Thouſand pound of Cares if thou doſt lay
Againſt a Debt, 'twill not one Farthing pay.

Euricius Cordus.

In ſomni & ebrietatis effigies.

Tam bellè, haud mirum eſt, ſi nos expreſſit Apelles;
Huic præſens quando pinxit uterq; fuit.

Ad Philomuſum.

Si niſi defunctos laudas, Philomuſe *poetas,*
Me tibi perpetuò diſplicuiſſe velim.

Cunradinus.

De Muſcâ ſculptâ in aureâ phialâ.

Aurato in cyatho dum Corſica guſto, nequivi
Suaviùs extingui, ſplendidi uſq; tegi.

Chriſtophorus Manlius.

Non decet ſub capite ſpinoſo membra eſſe delicata.

Confixum ſpinis caput eſt, cur ſubdita membra
Tam delicati noſ ſumus!

Albertus Melemannus.

Alphonſi regis dictum.

Non mille pondo triſtium ægritudinum
Solvant vel unum drbiti teruncium.

Joan

Joan. Oexlinus.

A Living Sacrifice.

Offer no Oxe, thou thy ſelf *Victim* fall,
A Living Sacrifice or none at all.

Chriſt's Burial.

Chriſt conquering Death by dying, did perſue
The vanquiſh'd Foe to th' Grave his Caſtle too.

His Epitaph.

Here Jeſus lyes: the Miracles of whom
Do ſpeak him God, though but a man the Tomb.

Jacobus Bidermamus.

Upon the departure of a Friend.

That my Friend's gone I grieve, but cannot weep,
The reaſon's plain, that Friend mine Eyes doth keep.

Of Bees caught in a Cobweb.

O Luxury! baſe Spiders now deſpiſe
Their common fare, and covet honey flyes.

Joan. Oexlinus.

Victima viva.

Nemo bovem Domino, ſed ſe nunc immolet ipſum,
Victima nulla Deo jam niſi viva placet.

Chriſti ſepultura.

Mortem qui moriens vicit, nunc ut domet, ipſam
Perſequitur victam mortuus in tumulum.

Epitaphium.

Hoc ſaxo Chriſtus tegitur; quem vera loquuntur
Fata fuiſſe hominem, facta fuiſſe Deum.

Jacobus Bidermamus.

Amico intimo Romam evocato.

Et doleo, & nequeo fugientem flere ſodalem;
Cauſa ſubeſt, oculos abſtulit ille mihi.

De apiculis ab aranea interceptis.

Quas gula delicias affectat? aranea muſcas
Nauſeat; Hybleas jam ſibi poſcit apes.

Fulco King of Jerusalem, kill'd by a fall from his Horse.

Think not, O Kings, Death slowly comes; the same
To make more haste to me on horse-back came.

Joan Petrus Lotichius.

Julius Cæsar the Emperor.

If *Cæsar*'s birth his Mother's death become,
What Woman now would bear the head of *Rome*?

To a Bald man.

A Pious reverence unto them is due
Whom Grey-hairs crown: this ne're can be to you.

Joannes Corberus.

To an old Man marrying a young Lasse.

This fair young Lasse is not thy Wife; for she
Marryes thy Neighbours, Old man, and not thee.

Fulco Rex Hierosolymorum, equi lapsu occisus.

Vestra quid, ô reges, fore funera lenta putatis?
Ut properaret, equo mors mea vecta fuit.

Joan Petrus Lotichius.

Julius Cæsar Imperator.

Ex utero matris Cæsar si cæditur, ecquæ
Alterius mater Cæsaris esse velit?

Ad Calvum.

Debetur canis reverentia sancta capillis;
Debetur capiti, Calve, quid ergo tuo?

Joannes Corberus.

Seni juvenculam ducenti, Nuptiale.

Chare senex, juvenis tibi ducta puella videtur:
Ah non! vicinis est ea ducta tuis.

Paulus Ulricus.

On a Verſifier.

Low Verſe you call Heroick; ſuch as theſe
Learned *Apollo* ſtiles ſad *Elegies*.

Upon Pilate.

Ask you what's Truth, Dire *Pilate*? ſee it here;
In Chriſt both Truth, and Life, and Way appear.

Upon a curious Queſtioniſt.

How Bodies laſt in hell doſt thou inquire?
As Salamanders in Terreſtrial fire.

Upon Matthias Berneggerus.

Our Schools vaſt Treaſure, and chief Fame you are:
O may't be long e're I ſhall ſay you were.

Timotheus Polus.

Whether Sleep be the Image of Death.

That Sleep's Death's Image I ſhall not deny;
Yet when I next would ſleep I would not dye.

Why the Sea is ſalt.

Why the Sea's ſalt dy'e ask? The Fiſh I fear
Would ſoon carrowſe too much if ſweet it were.

Paulus Ulricus.

In Verſificatorem.

Heroos mittis verſus, miſerabile metrum;
Inſcribas elegos doctus Apollo *jubet.*

In Pilatum.

Nobile quid verum veſtigas, dire Pilate *?*
Quod quæris, præſens corpore Chriſtus adeſt.

In rationiſtam.

Flammâ ſcrutaris Stygiâ cur corpore durent?
Terreſtris vivat cur Salamandra vide.

In Matthium Berneggerum.

Eſt Berneggerus *noſtri laus, gemma,* Lycæi;
Fac Deus ut tardè dicere cogar, erat.

Timotheus Polus.

An ſomnus ſit mortis imago.

Propter me liceat ! ſit ſomnus mortis imago.
At dormire quidem cum volo, nolo mori.

Cur mare ſalſum.

Cur mare ſit ſalſum, cauſas ſi quæritis, inquam;
Potarent piſces, ſi mare dulce, nimis.

An Ejaculation.

Command, bleſt God, yet give me power to do:
That I may know thy Way, and walk it too.

On a Lyer.

Lyers ſhould have good Mem'ries; but alas
Thy Lyes thy Memory doth far ſurpaſs.

Upon the unprofitable Servant.

If I ſtill fruitleſs be performing all;
That man who nothing doth, what will befall?

On a painted Lady.

Your Beauty you in th' Viol put, alaſs!
Your Beautie's far more brittle than your Glaſs.

On an Almanack-maker.

When you write fair it rains; God, you reply,
Forbids, making him Author of your Ly.

Fridericus Hermannus.

Juſtice in the extream.

If extream Right be extream Wrong, what men
Would Judges wiſh to be, or Lawyers then?

Suſpirium.

Suſpirium.

Sancte Deus, manda quod vis, & perfice mecum :
Da mihi noſſe bonum, da mihi poſſe ſimul.

In mendacem.

Mendacem ſemper memorem decet eſſe; ſed ohe,
Tu plus mentiris, quàm memor eſſe potes.

In inutilem ſervum.

Quando ſum inutiliter, cum faci ſingula, ſervus;
Eheu, nil quando fecero, qualis ero ?

In fucatam.

Quæ fragili teſtâ formam complecteris ; eheu !
Eſt tua quàm verè forma bonum fragile.

In ſcriptorem Calendariorum ineptum.

Quandò jubar ſcribis, pluit; at Deus impedit, inquis :
Quicquid mentiris, dicis id eſſe Dei.

Fridericus Hermannus.

Jus ſummum.

Quandò jus ſummum ſumma eſt injuria, ſummus
Furis conſultus quis precor eſſe velit ?

Petrus Lotichius.

P. Virgilius Maro.

Virgil's *Auguſtus* like: ſole Monarch he
In *Rome* doth reign, *Maro* in Poetry.

Aur. Propertius.

Thy Poet crown with prayſe; for, *Cynthia*, he
Is *Cynthius* like in Deifying thee.

Stephanus Ritterus.

On Gellia.

That you are black, *Gellia*, they falſly ſay:
Thou art blood-red, taking thy Skin away.

Gerardus Fauſtus.

Ul. Huttenus.

Hutten both *Mars*, and Muſes ſerves; thus he
Glory of War is, and of Poetry.

Petrus Lotichius.

P. Virgilius Maro.

Convenit Auguſto *vates auguſtus*; *uterq*;
Non habet Auguſtus, Virgiliuſve *parem.*

Aur. Propertius.

Cynthia *plaude tuo vati*: *tibi* Cynthius *ille*
Ceu deus eſt, *à quo ceu dea nomen habes.*

Stephanus Ritterus.

In Gelliam.

Gellia, *te nigram perhibent*; *haud*, Gellia, *nigra es*:
Excipiendo cutem, Gellia, *namq*; *rubes.*

Gerardus Fauſtus.

In Germanos Poetas, Ul. Huttenus.

Huttenus *Muſas ſemper*, Martemq; *ſecutus*,
Gloria Muſarum, gloria Martis *erat.*

Eobanus

Eobanus Heſſus.

When in *Elyzium*, *Heſſus*, *Ovid* thee
Did meet, he thought he himſelf did ſee.

Euſtach. Gnobeldorfius.

Who ſtiles thee *Roman* for thy Works, the ſame
Thinks thee a rude *Barbarian* for thy Name.

Tareus Hebus.

On the picture of H. Grotius.

Grotius his youth you in this Piece ſurvey:
Old *Ariſtotle* in his Works you may.

Of the Dutch.

Spaniard, the *Dutch* invincible doth prove:
No War, no Siege will conquer them, but Love.

Of the death of Cato.

Many lived proudly, *Cato* dy'd: now ſay
Who are moſt fooliſh, *Plutarch*, he or they.

Eobanus Heſſus.

Elyſiis Heſſum Pelignus *viderat agris*
Vates, atq; umbram credidit eſſe ſuam.

Euſtach. Gnobeldorfius.

Qui tua ſcripta leget, Latio *jure averit ortum:*
Qui nomen, dicet, Barbarus *iſte fuit.*

Tareus Hebus:

In effigiem H. Grotii.

Grotius *effigie puer hac florebat: amice,*
Dic vidiſſe ſenem, lector, Ariſtotelem.

De Batavo.

Invictum patriâ pro libertate Batavum
Vincere quo ritu poſſit Iberus *? amet.*

De morte Catonis.

Vixerunt multi, Cato *mortuus ambitioſè eſt;*
uterſi ſunt, ô Plutarche, *magis fatui.*

Matthæus

Matthæus Zuberus.

Of the death of John Lauterbachius.

Phœbus thy Verſe did envy; he, thy Fate,
And not the *Parcæ*, did anticipate.

Of Priſca.

Priſca, though rich in Vertue, and in Gold
No Suiter hath: her Name doth ſpeak her old.

To John Ortelius his Schoolmaſter.

You *Argus* are; yet when our exerciſe
You do peruſe, lay by your hundred Eyes.

Jac. Zevecotius.

Of the Law.

If extream Juſtice be unjuſt; ſuch men
As are moſt juſt are the unjuſteſt then.

Of Gellia.

Gellia the Hangman doth, not Doctor chooſe:
The quickeſt courſe of Phyſick is the Nooſe.

Matthæus Zuberus.

Joannes Lauterbachii poetæ nobilis tumulus.

Te, Lauterbachi, Phœbus, *non* Parca *necabat*;
Ne ſuperaretur carmine, cauſa fuit.

Priſcæ, virgini Lavinganæ.

Dives es, & caſta es: cur eſt tibi nullus amator?
Prodere quòd nomen, Priſca, videtur anum.

Joanni Ortelio, præceptori ſuo.

Argus *es*, Orteli, *centeno lumine. Noſtris*
In ſcriptis, ut ſis talpa, rogare placet.

Jac. Zevecotius.

De Jure.

Si bene dicatur jus ſummum injuria ſumma;
Quiſquis erit ſumme juſtus, iniquus erit.

De Gellia.

Carnifici mallet, medico quàm Gellia tradi:
Nam mors non pœnam, ſed mora mortis habet:

To Phœbus.

Phœbus farewell, my utmoſt Race is run:
Enough if good, if bad, too much is done.

Petrus Streithagenus.

upon Neſtor.

Neſtor three ages lived; no wonder then
He wiſer was, being older than all men.

Petrus Ægidius.

Of a Lawyer and his ſcolding wife.

Mallus and *Iſſa* well agree: the Hall
He fills with clamours, ſhe at home doth brawle.

Georgius Benedictus.

To Sir Philip Sidney.

Wit, Learning, Wiſdome, Valour, Birth: we ſee,
In few theſe Single, All conjoyn'd in thee.

upon one that prays'd and not practis'd Vertue.

No wonder Vertue comes not ne're thy heart;
When from thy tongue it never doth depart.

Ad Phœbum.

Phœbe vale, extremam tetigerunt carmina metam:
Si bona, multa ſatis; ſi mala, multa nimis.

Petrus Streithagenus.

In Neſtorem.

Neſtoris ingenium, facundaq; dicimus ora;
Quid mirum? ſeclis vixerat ille tribus.

Petrus Ægidius.

De cauſidico & uxore rixoſâ.

Quam benè conveniunt ſociati Mallus & Iſſa;
Litigat ille foro: litigat iſta domi.

Georgius Benedictus.

D. Philippo Sidnæo.

Ingenium, doctrina, genus, prudentia, virtus;
Hæc data ſunt paucis ſingula, cuncta tibi.

In quendam virtutis Encomiaſten.

Semper in ore tibi eſt virtus, tamen exulat illa
Pectore: ſcin' cauſam, ſemper in ore tibi eſt.

Janus

Janus Douza.

To Olus of Flaccus.

Fat-belly'd *Flaccus* is; you laugh at it:
Yet, *Olus*, you have a far fatter wit.

Of Janus Secundus.

Cupid, and *Venus*, *Janus* prays'd so well,
His Verses did their Beauties far excell.

Jacobus Eyndius.

Of Narcissus.

That Breast, whose Ice no Driads flames could turn,
And thaw to Love, Water it self doth burn.

Nicolaus Grudius.

On Sertorius.

Sertorius prays not that his Wife might dye;
He only beggs her Immortality.

To Candida.

Nor Gods, nor Men, thee, *Candida*, can move;
Yet you enflame both Men, and Gods, with Love.

Janus Douza.

De Flacco ad Olum.

Quid multo pinguem vides abdomine Flaccum ?
Ingenium multo pinguius, Ole, *tibi eſt.*

De Jano Secundo.

Dum Veneris *cantat puerum cum matre Secundus,*
Ipſi omnes Veneri *ſurripuit* Veneres.

Jacobus Eyndius.

De Narciſſo.

Hunc arſit quondam Driadum *pulcherrima; nymphæ*
Frigidus ad flammas, fontis aquâ incaluit.

Nicolaus Grudius.

In Sertorium.

Conjugis haud optat mortem Sertorius, *optat*
Hoc tantum, æternos vivat ut illa dies.

Ad Candidam.

Quòd te non homines moveant, non Candida, *divi;*
Hoc potes una homines, una movere deos.

Janus Gruterus.

On Sabellus.

Of all those good things which the World contains,
It still wants Vertue, *Sabell*, only means.

Janus Lernutius.

To Linus.

You said you'd write, yet since you married are:
O, I excuse, you're not the man you were.

Hadrianus Marius.

What to learn, and how to live.

Learn as if *Nestor's* years should fall to thee:
Live as if Death should come immediately.

Joannes Secundus.

Upon Hercules bearing a Cupid.

Once the vast Heavens were light to thee; now Love
A Little boy doth far too heavy prove.

Janus Gruterus.

In Sabellum.

De tot, de tantis quibus urbs, quibus orbis abundat,
Sola deeſt virtus, reſq; Sabelle, tibi.

Janus Lernutius.

Ad Linum.

Promittis toties; & adhuc, Line, ſcribere ceſſas?
Duxi, ais, uxorem: do veniam, haud tuus es.

Hadrianus Marius.

Quantum diſcendum, quomodò vivendum.

Diſce, velut ſeri victurus Neſtoris annos,
Vive, velut tibi ſit ultima quæq; dies.

Ioannes Secundus.

In imaginem Herculis Cupidinem geſtantis.

Ante quibus cœlum fuerat leve pondus, eiſdem
Nunc gravis eſt humeris ſaucia parvus amor.

Hugo Grotius.

On a Horſe taken in fight.

No common part of *Belgia*'s ſpoyl was I;
Rather than flight chooſing Captivity.

On the Sail-bearing Chariots of the moſt Illuſtrious Prince Mauricius.

Look you with wonder, *Phœbus?* ſo you may:
For this our Chariot will out-run thy Day.

A Sword.

This Sword which now you hanging idle ſee,
Once through the Spaniards ſide ſought Victory.

A Toleto Blade.

Not for his Gold *Tagus* is fam'd alone,
But for his gold-excelling Steel is known.

A piece of Ordinance.

Theſe are the ſureſt Inſtruments of Fate;
Which *Jove* in Thunder learn'd to imitate.

A Desk.

Sent Healths lie here: could I communicate,
I ſhould grow rich though ſelling under rate.

Hugo Grotius.

In equum captum in prælio.

Pars ego Flandriaci *non contemnenda triumphi*
Præda fui, fierem ne fugientis equus.

In illuſtriſſimi Principis Mauritii currus veliferos. Currus loquitur.

Phœbe, *quid attonitus nos aſpicis? aſpice verò:*
Hoc curru poteras accelerare diem.

Enſis.

Otia qui gemino pendens agit enſis in unco,
Ivit in Albani *militis ille latus.*

Gladius Toletanus.

Unda Tagi *non eſt uno celebranda metallo:*
Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos.

Bombarda.

Certius hæc tangunt inimicas tela cohortes.
Fallor? an hinc didicit Jupiter *eſſe tonans.*

Pluteus.

Scrinia perlatas ſervant mihi mille ſalutes:
Si modico poſſem vendere, dives eram.

A Sand-box.

When to your *Danae* you write, with Sand
Of Gold ſprinkle your Letter, and command.

Silver Pieces to caſt up account with.

Regard your gains well, Counters; for if we
Do money want, your ſelves ſhall money be.

A Top and a Scurge to a Boy.

You laſh your Top that did no fault commit:
When you ſhould rather Whipping have then it.

Dutch Pattins.

Go, yet not go, your Hogen-ſteel-ſhoed-man
Upon the water, yet no water, can.

Spectacles.

You hardly with your pocket eyes do ſee:
Lay them a ſide, and you ſtark blind will be.

A Sun-dial.

Contracted ſhadows pointing Noon I'le ſee
No more: my Belly ſhall my Dial be.

The Celeſtial Globe.

What need'ſt thou to ſearch Heaven for ſtars? thoſe Sphere
Inhabitants do in thy houſe appear.

Pixis

Pixis arenaria.

Pulveris aurati pluvia ſit ſparſa papyrus :
Reſcribet Danae *ſollicitata, veni.*

Calculi argentei.

Calcule fac noſtris faveas argentee lucris :
Si deerunt nummi, tu quoq; nummus eris.

Turbo cum ſcutica. Ad puerum.

Quid meruit turbo, quem tu vibice fatigas ?
Hæc natibus fuerant debita flagra tuis.

Soleæ ferratæ.

Quæ Battavûm miratur hyems ſola ferrea cernis ?
His per aquas, nec aquas, ire, nec ire, licet.

Perſpicillæ.

Vix ſpectas vitreis jam luſcitioſus ocellis :
Hæc ſi perdideris lumina, cœcus eris.

Sciatheris.

Dant medios ſoles contractæ gnomonis umbræ :
At mihi pro tali gnomone, venter erit.

Sphæra cœleſtis.

Sidereos vultus, cantataq; vatibus aſtra
Non opus eſt cœlo quærere, quære domi.

A pair of Tongues.

That man who firſt the uſe of Tongs found out,
With untry'd fire his fingers burnt, no doubt.

A Warming-pan.

With inclos'd fire, from your moyſt ſheets the wet
Diſtill, leaſt you ſhould quaking find them ſweat.

A Band.

We ſtarch with juyce of Wheat: this grain proves good,
Both for our daily ornament and food.

A Women's Mask.

Fowler then dirt you are, black as a *More*:
You need no Mask, for you are Mask all o're.

A plain Wedding Ring.

This Wedding Ring is Gold, yet plain withall;
The Proverb thus doth Plaineſs Golden call.

A Woman's Bracelet.

That Bracelet on thy Arm but ſlack doth ſit;
The which if mine, would ſcarce my finger fit.

Chryſtal Cups.

Your Chryſtal Cup's high priz'd, the more for this,
That being So, it ſo ſoon nothing is.

For-

Forceps.

Qui populis bifidi monſtravit forcipis uſus,
Primus inexperto læſerat igne manus.

Batillus lectarius.

Igne, ſed incluſo, ſi quid tua fila biberunt,
Decoque; ne lectus ſudet, & ipſe tremas.

Collare lineum.

Cærula triticeus pingit collaria ſuccus:
Non alimur tantum farre, ſed induimur.

Larva puellaris.

Pulvere ſordidior vultus, cute nigrior Indâ,
Quid timet? an larvæ non ſatis ipſa fuit?

Annulus pronubus purus.

Pignus habes fidei nullis violabile gemmis:
Hoc illud vetus eſt, aurea ſimplicitas.

Armilla puellaris.

Si mihi, brachiolum claudit quæ parva ſiniſtrum,
Armillam dederis, annulus eſſe poteſt.

Vitrea pocula.

Materies fragilis commendat pocula vitrum:
Eſt aliquid, fieri tam citò poſſe nihil.

A Golden Cup.

In the beſt mettle *Maurice* health ſhould ſhine,
And richer then the Plate ſhould be the Wine.

A perfumed Glove.

Let the ſtrong Dog skin ſheath my hand, if that
May be perfum'd by the *Sabæan* Cat.

Bernardus Bauhuſius.

A Dove the Image of the Holy Ghoſt.

The God of Peace, and Birds of Peace agree;
Thoſe Birds a clean Houſe love, a clean Heart he.

Of the crucifying of our Saviour and Saint Peter.

Chriſt's feet were down plac'd, *Peter*'s up, which ſhows
Chriſt from the Croſs deſcended, *Peter* roſe.

Chriſt ſuffering on Friday, Venus day.

On *Venus* day Chriſt dy'd, which doth imply
Venus a chief cauſe was that he did dye.

Silence.

Silence than Speech is greater Art; of it
None ever did, many of Speech have writ.

Calix aureus.

Non ſordida dabis pretioſa vina metallo,
Sed *pro* Mauritii *digna ſalute bibi.*

Chirotheca odorata.

Vaginam manibus cupio de pelle caninâ,
Sed *quæ* Sabeææ ſtercora felis olet.

Bernardus Bauhuſius,

Spiritus Sancti imago, columba.

Ille Deus *pacis, volucres hæ pacis; amantq;*
Candida tecta illæ, candida corda Deus.

De Chriſto Domino & Petro Apoſtolo crucifixis.

Cur Petri *ſurſum plantæ, Chriſtiq; deorſum?*
Sub *terras ibat Chriſtus, in aſtra* Petrus.

Die Veneris Chriſtus paſſus.

Luce obiit Veneris, Veneris *ſte turba; videtur*
Cauſa Dei paſſi non minima eſſe Venus.

Tacere.

Dicendi ars magna eſt, major (mihi crede) tacendi;
Mille loqui docuere artes, ſed nulla tacere.

On the Daughter of Herodias being drown'd.

Such as thy Life, a ſoft and dancing Wave
Hath juſtly been to thee both Death and Grave.

To John Brantius, of his Epigrams.

If you ſee nothing bad, with Love you're blind:
You're ſo with Envy, if none good you find.

Law and Strife.

Law is Strife's Child: Strife Law's: Thus we may ſee
Good come of Bad, Bad of Good Pedigree.

Muemoſyne Mother of the Muſes.

Why do nine Letters ſpell *Muemoſyne*?
Thoſe Letters and her Daughters equal be.

To Marianus of Camillus the Covetous.

You prayſe *Camillus* keeping Wealth; thus you
Give that to him, which to his Trunks is due.

On Domitian the Emperour who could ſhoot between the fingers of a Boy placed at a great diſtance.

I cannot prayſe thee, *Cæſar*; for if ſo
You alwayes ſhoot, you'l never hit your foe.

In Herodiadis filiam aquis merſam.

Mergere ſalatrix, mollis fuerat tibi vita,
Undarum tibi mors debita mollis erat.

Ad Jo. Brantinm de Muſis ſuis.

Omnia ſi laudas mea, Branti, *cœcus amore es;*
Omnia ſi culpas, cœcus es invidiâ.

Lex & lis.

Filia lex litis : bona filia, peſſima mater.
Filia lis legis, mater bona, peſſima nata.

Mnemoſyne, mater Muſarum.

Cur te Mnemoſyne, *pingit ter littera terna ?*
Ter terna eſt, inquit, filiâ docta mihi.

Ad Marianum, de Camillo avaro.

Quòd bene ſervet opes, laudas, Mariane, Camillum;
Scrinia laudari ſic, Mariane, *ſolent.*

Domitianus Imp. inter diſtentos pueri procul poſiti digitos ſagittas dirigere norat.

Laudem ? non faciam. Nam ſi tua ſpicula in hoſtem
Sic mittis, ſanè es, Domitiane, *rudis.*

On the death of Lipſius.

Some in rich *Parian* ſtone, in Ivory,
And Marble ſome, *Lipſius* in tears doth lye.

Of the Dove and Serpent.
To Marinus.

A Dove, that thou mayſt injure not one, be:
A Serpent's wit aſſume that none may thee.

The Spirit and Fleſh.

Why doth our Fleſh ſtronger than Soul appear?
Our Fleſh at home is, Soul an exile here.

Of the birth and death of Chriſt.

Good Night when born, Bad Day when Crucified;
A Birth-day-night; A Dooms-day when he dyed.

On the death of Chriſtopher Clavius.

When doubting of ſome ſtars, thus *Clavius* cry'd,
Let me, O God nearer behold, and dyed.

On the death of Abſolon.

Doubting the hairs juſt weight, to know the truth
The Tree by his own hair did weigh the Youth.

In Juſti Lipſii obitum.

Sunt buſto in Pario, ſunt qui tumulantur eburno;
Sunt qui marmoribus, Lypſius *in lachrymis.*

Quid Columba, & Serpens. Ad Marinum.

ut nulli noceas, columba fias;
ut nemo tibi, ſis, Marine, *ſerpens.*

Anima & Caro.

Quæris cur animâ caro fortior? accipe cauſam;
Hìc carnis patria eſt, hìc animæ exilium.

De nato & paſſo Chriſto.

O nati Chriſti bona nox, o lux mala paſſi!
Lux mala luce carens, nox bona nocte carens.

In obitum Chriſtoph. Clavii.

Clavius *è terris cum jam vix ſidera noſſet,*
Da Deus hæc propiùs cernere, dixit; obit.

In mortem Abſalonis.

Davidiдæ *crines juſto librentur in auro,*
Scire hoc vult arbor, librat & ipſa virum.

On Puppus the Dwarf.

Thus *Puppus* dying did his Friends adviſe;
No Coffin buy, a Box will me ſuffice.

Caſper Barlæus.

Ovid.

Cæſar condemns me: yet if Love ſhould be
My Advocate, I know I ſhould go free.

Horace.

His pleas'd Companions faults he reprehends;
And *Lydia* ſo ſpeaks his, as he his friends.

Catullus.

If *Jove* ſhould ſing his Loves, as thou doſt thine;
He'd have thee make his Verſe, like him, divine.

Tibullus.

Sulpitia and *Neræa* win thy Love,
Which to the Muſes mortal flames doth prove.

In Puppum pumilionem.

Dum moriens ſuprema animæ fert frigora Puppus,
Nemo paret tumulum; pyxide condar, ait.

Caſpar Barlæus.

Ovidius.

Judice ſim quamvis damnatus Cæſare: *pœnâ*
Abſolvar, cauſam ſi modò dicat amor.

Horatius.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti dicis amico,
Sed dicit vitium Lydia *ſola tuum.*

Catullus.

Si cantare Jovem *proprios fas eſſet amores;*
Hoc, & non alio poſceret ore loqui.

Tibullus.

Cur tibi Sulpitiæ, *tibi cur placuere* Nerææ
Baſia, *quem Muſæ deperiere novem?*

Lucan.

Who me no Poet counts, is none: who me
Thinks no Hiſtorian, knows leſſe Hiſtory.

Martial.

Slight not looſe *Martial*, Reader; can we blame
Him who relates Ill, when we do the ſame?

Nico. Baxius.

On a Proud man.

Boaſt not thy Actions; for if bad they be,
No prayſe is due; if good, none's due to thee.

Bald. Cabillavius.

Whither penitent tears do tend.

Rain up ſalt ſhowres, Love's ſtreams muſt upward flow:
As Fire aſcends, true fire-born tears ſhould ſo.

Why the Serpent's skin cures the ears.

The Serpent cures the Ear: he good is found
Too late, healing Mankind as he did wound.

Lucan-

Lucanus.

Cui minus hiſtoricus credor, minus eſſe poeta;
Me minor eſt vates, & minor hiſtoricus.

Martialis.

Ne Feſcenninum, *lector, contemne poetam;*
Nam, quæ nos facimus, ſit ceciniſſe parum.

Nico. Baxius.

In tumidum.

Vel bona, vel mala ſunt, animus quibus intumet; atqui,
Si mala, laude carent; ſi bona, non tua ſunt.

Bald. Cabillavius.

Quo pœnitentis lachrymæ tendant.

Ire licet cælo, non eſt gravis imber amoris:
Ignis ut aſtra petit, ſic ſatus igne liquor.

Cur Serpentis pellis medeatur auribus.

Exuviis medicis ſerpens parit aure ſalutem:
Serò pius noxam quâ dedit Eva *piat.*

Joannes Meurſius.

Bluſhing the ſign of Modeſty.

The Scarlet Cheek is a moſt pleaſing dye;
For ſo much Colour, ſo much Modeſty.

Death for the Publick.

To ſave thy Country, loſe thy Life: he'le have
A Noble birth who ſhall thus find a Grave.

On Sabellicus.

Why ſwears *Sabellicus*? no wonder, he
A fathion doth, not Sin think Perjury.

Janus Pannonius Hungarus.

Of Anniſpa.

Anniſpa nothing writes, though learn'd; for he
By a wiſe Silence ſeems more learn'd to be.

To Paul.

What thus I carry hid, *Paul*, ask you me?
I'de not it hide, would I that you ſhould ſee.

Georg. Thurius Hungarus.

Of injuries.

Wrongs bitter are as Pills, and like them, they,
Not chew'd, but ſwallow'd whole, ſhould paſs away.

Joannes

Joannes Meurſius.

Rubor pudoris ſignum.

Rubore vultus imbui multo placet :
In ore quantum ſanguinis, pudoris eſt.

Mors pro Patriâ.

Animam ſaluti impende fortis publicæ :
Quem ſic perire cernis, hunc naſci putes.

In Sabellicum.

Cur perjerat Sabellicus *? perjurium*
Sermonis eſſe, haud criminis putat genus.

Janus Pannonius Hungarus.

De Auriſpa.

Tam doctus ſcribat cur nil Auriſpa, *requiris ?*
Credatur multò doctus ut eſſe magis.

Ad Paulum.

Paule, *ſuperjectâ quæ pontem veſte requiris ?*
Si te ſcire velim, non ea, Paule, *tegam.*

Georg. Thurius Hungarus.

De injuria.

Non injuria dente maſticanda,
Sed toto, ut pilula, ore devoranda.

Of his Friend.

Write ſome brief Epitaph, my Friend ſtill cryes
Of his dead Father; briefly, Here he lyes.

Georg. Buchananus.

On a covetous rich man.

Gifts to the Poor you ſend, but with intent
Like to receive; your Alms are purchaſe meant.

Of Sylvius.

Sylvius that nothing gratis gave, being dead,
Grieves that his Epitaph is gratis read.

On Zoilus.

In vain I prayſe thee, and in vain by thee
I'me wrong'd; none credit will or you, or me.

THE END.

Ad Amicum.

Funere de patris breviter me ſcribere mandas;
De patris breviter funere ſcribo; jacet.

Georg Buchananus.

In divitem avarum.

Das inopi dives, ſed qualia reddere poſſit
Munera; Nonne hoc eſt dicere? redde mihi.

Jacobo Sylvio.

Sylvius *hic ſitus eſt, gratis qui nil dedit unquam;*
Mortuus &, gratis quòd legis iſta, dolet.

In Zoilum.

Fruſtra ego te laudo, fruſtra me, Zoile, *lædis:*
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, *nemo tibi.*

FINIS.

CATO'S
MORAL DISTICKS.

CATO's DISTICKS OF MANNERS.

Book 1. Diſt. 1.

God is chiefly to be worſhipt.

If God a Spirit be as Poets ſing,
A Spirit pure ſhould be his Offering.

2. *Drowſyneſs is to be ſhun'd.*

Wake; be not given to ſleep: for it we ſee
Is food to vice, but poyſon unto thee.

3. *The Tongue is to be bridled.*

To guide the Tongue is the chief Vertue; he
That can rule it, is next the Deity.

CA-

CATONIS *DISTICHA*

DE

MORIBVS.

Lib. 1. *Diſt.* 1.

Dei cultus præcipuus.

Si Deus eſt animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi præcipue ſit pura mente colendus.

2. Somnolentia vitanda.

Plus vigila ſemper, nec ſomno deditus eſto:
Nam diuturna quies vitiis alimenta miniſtrat.

3. Cohibenda lingua.

Virtutem primam eſſe puta compeſcere lieguam:
Proximus ille Deo, qui ſcit ratione tacere.

4. *Agree with thy ſelf.*

Thou with thy ſelf agree ; he muſt reſiſt
Another who's his own Antagoniſt.

5. *Blame no one raſhly:*

Mind humane nature, Carper; thou wilt ſee
Of thoſe faults thou doſt blame no one is free.

6. *Safety is to be preferred before Wealth.*

Leave what you love, if dangerous; before
All riches, value thou rich ſafety more.

7. *Let thy temper comply with the times.*

Change, yet ſtand firm; a wiſe man free from crime,
Doth metamorphize manners with the time.

8. *We muſt not alwayes yield to a wife.*

Truſt not thy Wife complaining; for it proves
Not ſeldom ſhe doth hate, whom th' Husband loves.

9. *We muſt be urgent in the correction of a friend.*

When thou doſt counſel any, be a friend,
Though he doth ſhun th' advice, yet do not end.

10. *Fools are not to be overcome with words.*

Talk not with Pratlers; Wiſdome and Eloquence
To few, Nature to all doth words diſpence.

4. Sibi ipſi conveniendum eſt.

Sperne repugnando tibi tu contrarius eſſe:
Conveniet nulli, qui ſecum diſſidet ipſo.

5. *Nemo temere culpandus.*

Si vitam inſpicias hominum, ſi denique mores,
Cum culpent alios, nemo ſine crimine vivit.

6. Utilitas divitiis anteponenda.

Quæ nocitura tenes, quamvis ſint chara, relinque.
utilitas opibus præponi tempore debet.

7. Mores pro tempore mutandi.

Conſtans & lenis, ut res cuuq; expoſtulat, eſto:
Temporibus mores ſapiens ſine crimine mutat.

8. Uxori non ſemper aſſentiendum.

Nil temere uxori de ſervis crede querenti:
Sæpe etenim mulier, quem conjux diligit, odit.

9. Inſtandum correctioni amici.

Cumq; mones aliquem, nec ſe velit ipſe moneri;
Si tibi ſit charus noli deſiſtere cœptis.

10. Stulti verbis non vincuntur.

Contra verboſos noli contendere verbis:
Sermo datur cunctis, animi ſapientia paucis.

11. Every

11. *Every one is a friend to himſelf.*

Be friend to others, yet thine own; ſo do
Them good, no damage may thy ſelf purſue.

12. *It is forbid to ſpread rumours.*

Fly ſpreading rumours, be not Author ſo;
Silence hurts no one, Speech doth make thee foe.

13. *Promiſe not for another.*

Aſſure not what another ſayes; who finds
A faith 'tis rare; many have many minds.

14. *Let every one judge himſelf.*

Judge whether thou art worthy offer'd prayſe;
From thine own mind, not others take thy bayes.

15. *The account of Benefits.*

A Benefit receiv'd thou ought'ſt to ſhew
To all; thy Charity let no one know.

16. *Old men are to ſpeak of their good deeds.*

When thou old man doſt call back time, and acts
Of others; tell thine own prayſe-worthy facts.

11. Amicus ſibi quiſque.

Dilige ſic alios, ut ſis tibi charus amicus:
Sic bonus eſto bonis, ne te mala damna ſequantur.

12. Rumores ſpargere vetitum.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus author haberi:
Nam nulli tacuiſſe nocet, nocet eſſe locutum.

13. Fides aliena non promittenda.

Rem tibi promiſſam certo promittere noli.
Rara fides ideo eſt, quia multi multa loquuntur.

14. Judex quiſque ſui.

Cum quis te laudat, judex tuus eſſe memento:
Plus alias de te, quam tu tibi credere noli.

15. Beneficiorum ratio.

Officium alterius multis narrare memento;
Atque aliis cum tu benefeceris, ipſe ſileto.

16. Senio bene geſta referenda.

Multorum dum facta ſenex & dicta recenſes,
Fac tibi ſuccurrant juvenis quæ feceris ipſe.

17. *The fault of Suſpition.*

Suſpect not Whiſpering; the guilty mind
Doth in each word an accuſation find.

18. *We muſt think of Adverſity in Proſperity.*

When thou art well, think of Adverſity.
The firſt and laſt fate ſeldome do agree.

19. *Do not hope for anothers death.*

Why ſhould we hope anothers death to ſee?
We're all frail ſubjects to mortality.

20. *The mind of the Giver is to be eſteem'd in the Gift.*

Thy poor Friend's gift though a ſmall benefit
Receive, but render prayſe ſurpaſſing it.

21. *The patient enduring of poverty.*

Since by Creation naked, therefore be
Patient in bearing native Poverty.

22. *Death is not to be fear'd.*

Fear not Life's end; he that doth ſo, doth take
Farewell of that which Life doth happy make.

23. *Withhold thy favours from ungrateſull men.*

When thou doſt meet one doth ingrateful prove,
Do not blaſpheme thy God, refrain thy love.

17. Su-

17. Suſpitionis labes.

Ne cures ſi quis tacito ſermone loquatur:
Conſcius ipſe ſibi, de ſe putat omnia dici.

18. In proſperis, de adverſis cogitandum.

Cum fueris felix, quæ ſunt adverſa caveto:
Non eadem curſu reſpondent ultima primis.

19. Mors alterius non ſperanda.

Cum dubia & fragilis ſit nobis vita tributa,
In morte alterius ſpem tu tibi ponere noli.

20. Animus in dono æſtimandus.

Exiguum munus cum dat tibi pauper amicus:
Accipito placide, plene & laudare memento.

21. Paupertatis tolerantia.

Infantem nudum cum te natura creavit,
Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento.

22. Mors non formidanda.

Ne timeas illam, quæ vitæ eſt ultima finis.
Qui mortem moluit, quod vivit, perdit id ipſum.

23. Amicorum ingratitudo fugienda.

Si tibi pro meritis nemo reſpondet amicus,
Incuſare Deum noli, ſed te ipſe coerce.

24. *Frugality.*

Spare what thou haſt, that it may farther go;
That thou mayſt not be poor, think thou art ſo.

25. *Often Promiſes are troubleſome.*

Promiſe not twice what may at firſt be done;
Perform thy promiſe, iteration ſhun.

26. *Craft is to be deluded by Craft.*

Who ſeems thy friend, and is not ſo, mean while
Seem thou ſo too, and Craft with Craft beguile.

27. *Fair words are to be ſuſpected.*

Approve not them ſpeak fair; the Fowler's fife
Sounds ſweet while the poor Bird doth loſe its life.

28. *Children are to be inſtructed in the Arts.*

If thou haſt Sons, and canſt no portion give,
Give Learning; they in ſpite of Fate will live.

29. *How things are to be eſteemed.*

What's baſe eſteem'd, think brave; brave, baſe; you'l be
So doing to thy ſelf and others free.

24. Frugalitas.

Ne tibi quid deſit, quæſitis utere parce :
Utq; quod eſt ſervas, ſemper tibi deeſſe putato.

25. Promiſſio iterata moleſta.

Quod præſtare potes, ne bis promiſeris ulli,
Ne ſis ventoſus, dum vis urbanus haberi.

26. Ars arte deludenda.

Qui ſimulat verbis, ne corde eſt fidus amicus,
Tu quo fac ſimile : ſic ars deluditur arte.

27. Blandiloquentia ſuſpecta.

Noli homines blandos nimium ſermone probare :
Fiſtula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps.

28. Liberi artibus inſtruendi.

Si tibi ſint nati, nec opes, tunc artibus illos
Inſtrue, quo poſſint inopem defendere vitam.

29. Res quomodo æſtimandæ.

Quod vile eſt, charum; quod charum, vile putato:
Sic tibi nec parcus, nec avarus habebere ulli.

30. *Act not what thou doſt condemn.*

Be free from faults you blame; it is moſt baſe
When thine own doctrine doth fly in thy face.

31. *Things not fitting to be granted, are not to be asked.*

Ask what thou mayſt have honeſtly; he muſt
Be knave and fool that doth ask what's unjuſt.

32. *Known things are not to be chang'd for unknown.*

Change not for that you know not what you know,
You ſee this good, that only may prove ſo.

33. *Think every day thy laſt.*

Since many deaths in every place do dwell,
Think each day gain'd, no one can fate compell.

34. *Yield to thy friend.*

Alwayes thy friend to conquer think not fit;
True friends then conquer when they do ſubmit.

35. *Friendſhip requires mutual curteſies.*

When thou wouldſt great Gifts have, then ſmall ones ſend;
By being gracious thus you gain a friend.

36. *Friendſhip doth hate differences.*

Strive not with him who to thee friend doth prove;
Anger breeds hate, concord doth nouriſh love.

30. Culpata non facienda.

Quæ culpare ſoles, ea ne tu feceris ipſe:
Turpe eſt doctori cum culpa redarguit ipſum.

31. Concedenda petenda.

Quod juſtum eſt petito, vel quod videatur honeſtum;
Nam ſtultum petere eſt, quod poſſit jure negari.

32. Nota ignotis non commutanda.

Ignotum tibi nolito præponere notis:
Cognita judicio conſtant, incognita caſu.

33. Dies quiſq; ſupremus putandus.

Cum dubia incertis verſetur vita periclis,
Pro lucro tibi pone diem quicunq; laboras.

34. Obſecundandum amicis.

Vincere cum poſſis, interdum cede ſodali,
Obſequio quoniam dulces vincuntur amici.

35. Amicitiæ mutua officia.

Ne dubites, cum magna petas, impendere parva:
His etenim rebus conjungit Gratia charos.

36. Amicitia rixas odit.

Litem inferre cave, cum quo tibi gratia juncta eſt,
Ira odium generat, concordia nutrit amorem.

37. *Chaſtiſement without anger.*

When angry with a Servant, firſt be ſlow
To Paſſion, and then thou wilt mercy ſhew.

38. *To overcome with patience.*

By ſuff'ring conquer when it doth behoove;
Patience doth alwayes greateſt Vertue prove.

39. *Keep what you have got.*

Keep what thou haſt; who labours to reſtore
His former loſs, doth ſtill loſe more and more.

40. *Provide in the firſt place for thy ſelf.*

Be to thy friends a friend, but likewiſe be
So doing to thy ſelf no enemy.

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37. Ca-

37. Caſtigatio ſine ira.

Servorum ob culpam cum te dolor urget in iram,
Ipſe tibi moderare, tuus ut parcere poſſis.

38. Patientiâ vincere.

Quem ſuperare potes, interdum vince ferendo:
Maxima enim morum ſemper patientia virtus.

39. Quæſita ſunt conſervanda.

Conſerva potius quæ ſunt jam parta labore:
Cum labor in damno eſt, creſcit mortalis egeſtas.

40 Conſulendum tibi imprimis.

Duplilis interdum notis, charis, & amicis;
Cum fueris felix, ſemper tibi proximus eſto.

CATONIS *DISTICHA*

DE

MORIBVS.

Lib. 2. *Diſt.* 1.

We are to deſerve well of all men.

Be courteous unto all; a friend to gain
Is better than a kingdom to obtain.

2. *Search not after ſecret things.*

To know God's ſecrets do not thou deſire;
Since thou art earthly, earthly things acquire.

3. *The fear of death doth baniſh joy.*

A fool he is who feareth his death-bed;
Who thinks of death, to th' joyes of life is dead.

4. *Beware of Anger.*

Diſpute not when th'art angry; rage doth blind
Thy ſight of truth, and ſuffocate thy mind.

CATO's DISTICKS OF MANNERS.

Book 2. Diſt. 1.

De omnibus bene merendum.

Si potes, ignotis etiam prodeſſe memento;
utilius regno, meritis acquirere amicos.

2. Arcana non ſcrutanda.

Mitte arcana Dei, cœlumq; inquirere quid ſit:
Cum ſis mortalis, quæ ſunt mortalia cura.

3. Mortis timor gaudia pellit.

Liuque metum Lethi, nam ſtultum; tempore in omni
Dum mortem metuas, amittis gaudia vitæ.

4. Iracundia cavenda.

Iratus de re incerta contendere noli:
Impedit ira animum ne poſſit cernere verum.

5. We

5. *We muſt be free when there is occaſion.*

When opportunity doth ask, be free:
When time requires, ſomething muſt given be.

6. *A moderate fortune is moſt ſafe.*

Riches avoid, let poverty prevail;
That Ship's moſt ſafe on a ſmall Sea doth ſail.

7. *Secret vices are to be conceal'd.*

Blaze not thy Vice, that many may not blame
That which unto your ſelf you think a ſhame.

8. *All ſecrets at length are diſcovered.*

Let no one think by vice the vicious win;
Though for a time 'tis hid, yet time ſhews ſin.

9. *The weakneſs of the Body is ſupply'd by the ſtrength of Vertue.*

Contemn not him who weakneſs undergoes;
Though ſhe no ſtrength, yet nature wit beſtows.

10. *We muſt yield to the ſtronger for a time.*

A While to thy Superiours yield; oft we
The Victor conquer'd by the vanquiſht ſee.

5. Expendendum ubi opus eſt.

Fac ſumptum propere, cum res deſiderat ipſa:
Dandum etenim eſt aliquid cum tempus poſtulat aut res.

6. Fortuna modica tutior.

Quod nimium eſt fugito, parvo gaudere memento.
Tuta magis eſt puppis modico quæ flumine fertur.

7. Occulta vitia reticenda.

Quod pudeat, ſocios prudens celare memento,
Ne plures culpent id quod tibi diſplicet uni.

8. Occulta tandem revelantur.

Nolo putes pravos homines peccare lucrari:
Temporibus peccata latent, & tempore parent.

9. Inbecillitas virtute compenſatur.

Corporis exigui vires contemnere noli:
Conſilio pollet, cui vim natura negavit.

10. Cedendum potentiori ad tempus.

Quem ſcieris non eſſe parem tibi, tempore cede:
Victorem à victo ſuperari ſæpe videmus.

11. *We muſt not ſcold with our friends.*

Contend not with thy Friend let me adviſe;
For oft from ſmall words doth great diſcord riſe.

12. *Inquire not thy Fortune by lot.*

Ask not the lot what God doth ordinate;
Without thy Counſel he doth rule thy fate.

13. *Too much bravery begets envy.*

Shun being too brave, and envy ſo; although
It doth no harm, 'tis hard to undergo.

14. *Be not caſt down when overcome by Injuſtice.*

Droop not though by Injuſtice wrong'd th'aſt bin;
He doth not long rejoycee who ſo doth win.

15. *Friends reconcil'd muſt forget former injuries.*

Tell not paſt wrath; an evil tongue doth ſow
Old enmity, and friendſhip overthrough.

16. *Neither prayſe nor diſprayſe thy ſelf.*

Nor prayſe, nor blame thy ſelf; fools ſo dilate
Themſelves, when by vain glory urg'd they prate.

11. Rixandum cum familiaribus.

Adverſus notum noli contendere verbis,
Lis minimis verbis interdum maxima creſcit.

12. Fortuna non quærenda ſorte.

Quod Deus intendat, noli perquirere ſorte;
Quid ſtatuit de te, ſine te deliberat ipſe.

13. Luxus odium generat.

Invidiam nimio cultu vitare memento:
Quæ ſi non lædit, tamen hanc ſufferre moleſtum eſt.

14. Animus non deponendus ob iniquum judicium.

Eſto animo forti cum ſis damnatus inique:
Nemo diu gaudet qui judice vincit iniquo.

15. Reconciliatis lis non refricanda.

Litis præteritæ noli maledicta referre:
Poſt inimicitias iram meminiſſe malorum eſt.

16. Teipſum neque lauda, neque culpa.

Nec te collaudes, nec te culpaveris ipſe:
Hoc faciunt ſtulti quos gloria vexat inanis.

17. *Thriftineſs.*

Be frugal in thy wealth; that which we may
Be long a getting, ſwiftly ſlides away.

18. *Severity of Carriage is ſometimes to be laid aſide.*

When time behooves, a ſeeming fool then be,
'Tis wiſedome and not fooliſhneſs in thee.

19. *Be neither prodigal nor covetous.*

Be free, not Prodigal; if otherwiſe
You uſe your wealth, your fame will never riſe.

20. *We muſt give little credit to one who talks much.*

Sometimes him not believe who doth relate
Of others; truſt not him who ſtill doth prate.

21. *Let not the Drunkard blame the Wine.*

When drunk, thy ſelf not pardon for the ſame;
There's no fault in the Wine, the Driuker blame.

22. *Communicate thy Counſel to thy Friend.*

Freely thy mind unto thy Friend relate,
And tell thy Doctor of thy Bodies ſtate.

17. *Pa-*

17. Parſimonia.

Utere quæſitis modice, dum ſumptus abundat;
Labitur exiguo, quod partum eſt tempore longo.

18. Supercilium nonnunquam deponendum.

Inſipiens eſto cum tempus poſtulat aut res;
Stultitiam ſimulare loco prudentia ſumma eſt.

19. Neque prodigus, neque avarus.

Luxuriam fugito, ſimul & vitare memento
Crimen avaritiæ; nam ſunt contraria famæ.

20. Loquaci parum credendum.

Nolito quædam referenti credere ſemper:
Exigua eſt tribuenda fides, qui multa loquuntur.

21. Ebrius vinum non accuſet.

Quod potu peccas, ignoſcere tu tibi noli:
Nam nullum crimen vini eſt, ſed culpa bibentis.

22. Amicis concilia credenda.

Conſilium arcanum tacito committe ſodali:
Corporis auxilium medico committe fideli.

23. *Repine not at the good ſucceſſe of bad men.*

When bad men win, wiſh not their overthrow;
Fortune doth raiſe them, but to fall more low.

24. *We muſt provide for future fortune.*

Foreſee thy fate; that chance doth fall more light
That is provided for by thy foreſight.

25. *Live by hope.*

Though ſometime Fortune frown, yet Hope retain;
It only doth with thee till death remain.

26. *Take time by the forelock.*

Then ſtir when opportunity is faire;
Behind, time's bald, his forehead's full of hair.

27. *Gueſſe at the future by time paſt.*

Times future, and the next enſuing fate
Foreſee by paſt time; *Janus* imitate.

28. *We muſt live by the rules of reaſon.*

From pleaſure ſpare, wealth on thy health beſtow;
Then unto pleaſure more to health we owe,

23. Succeſſus malorum ne te offendat.

Succeſſum in lignis noli (tu) ferre moleſte,
Indulget fortuna malis ut lædere poſſit.

24. Futurus caſus providendus.

Proſpice, qui veniunt hos caſus eſſe ferendos:
Nam levius lædit quicquid prævideris ante.

25. Animus in adverſis ſpe fovendus.

Rebus in adverſis animum ſubmittere noli:
Spem retine: ſpes una hominem nec morte relinquit.

26. Opportunitas cum contingit, tenenda.

Rem tibi quam neſcis aptam, demittere noli:
Fronte capillata, poſt eſt occaſio calva.

27. Futura ex præteritis colligenda.

Quod ſequitur ſpecta, quodque imminet ante videto;
Illum imitare deum qui partem ſpectat utramque.

28. Vitæ ratio habenda.

Fortior ut valeas, interdum parcior eſto:
Pauca voluptati debentur, plura ſaluti.

29. *Sometimes agree with the multitude.*

Contemn not alwaies what the rout adviſe,
You none can pleaſe, while you do all deſpiſe;

30. *Take care of thy health.*

'Bove all things value health, thy chief good; know
If ill thy ſelf, not ſeaſons make thee ſo.

31. *Credit not dreams.*

Regard not dreams, for ſleeping, thy ſhut eyes
Do ſeem to ſee what waking you deviſe.

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29. Mul-

29. Multitudine cedendum.

Judicium populi nunquam contempseris unus,
Ne nulli placeas, dum vis contemnere multos.

30. Valetudo curanda.

Sit tibi præcipuè, quod primum est, cura salutis.
Tempora ne culpes, cum sis tibi causa doloris.

31. Somnia non observanda.

Somnia ne cures: nam mens humana quod optat,
Cum vigilat sperans per somnum cernit id ipsum.

CATO's DISTICKS OF MANNERS.

Book 3. Diſt. 1.

When thou doſt well, fear not evil report.

Doing well, though thee men ſhould defame and wrong,
Care not; we cannot rule anothers tongue.

2. *Conceal thy Friend's fault.*

Keep thy Friend's credit being a witneſs; yet
Diſcredit not thy ſelf in doing it.

3. *Suſpect fair words.*

Fair words ſuſpect; the ſimple truth is ſpoke
Naked, but fraud doth alwayes were a Cloak.

4. *Fly Idleneſs.*

Shun Idleneſs, the mind being un-imploy'd,
The body with diſeaſes is annoy'd.

CATO-

CATONIS *DISTICHA*

DE

MORIBVS.

Lib. 3. Diſt. 1.

Recte agendo aliorum linguam ne timeas.

Cum recte vivas, ne cures verba malorum;
Arbitrii noſtri non eſt quid quiſque loquatur.

2. Amici crimen celandum.

Productus teſtis, ſalvo tamen ante pudore,
Quantumcunque potes celato crimen amici.

3. Blandiloquentia ſuſpecta.

Sermones blandos blæſoſque cavere memento:
Simplicitas veri ſana eſt, fraus ficta loquendi.

4. Ignava vita fugienda.

Segnitiem fugito, quæ vitæ ignavia fertur:
Nam cum animus languet, conſumit inertia corpus.

5. *Let not the mind alwaies ſtand bent.*

Joyes intermingle thou with Cares, and ſo
Thy heavy labours will the lighter ſhew.

6. *Reprehend none with an evil mind.*

Carp not at what another man doth do,
He thee may jear, and in the ſame way too.

7. *Increaſe thy eſtate.*

What the laſt Will gives keep, leaſt fame you call,
If you increaſe it not, a Prodigall.

8. *Let old age be bountifull.*

What in thine old age fortune doth beſtow,
Unto thy friend as freely let it go.

9. *Regard the Speech, and not the Speaker.*

Contemn not Councel if not bad; deſpiſe
Not Maſter, what thy Servant doth adviſe.

10. *Be content with thy preſent fortune.*

If thou haſt loſt thine old inheritance,
Be ſtill content, grieve not at adverſe chance.

5. Animus feſſus relaxandus.

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Ut poſſis animo quemvis ſufferre laborem.

6. Malo animo neminem reprehendas.

Alterius dictum aut factum ne carpſeris unquam,
Exemplo ſimili ne te derideat alter.

7. Hæreditas augenda.

Quæ tibi ſors dederit tabulis ſuprema notato,
Augendo ſerva, ne ſis quem fama loquatur.

8. Senectus ſit munifica.

Cum tibi diviriæ ſuperant in fine ſenectæ,
Munificus facito vivas, non parcus amicis.

9. Verba attendenda, non os loquentis.

Utile conſilium dominus ne deſpice ſervi:
Nullius ſenſum, ſi prodeſt, tempſeris unquam.

10. Præſenti utendum fortuna.

Rebus & in cenſu, ſi non eſt, quod fuit ante;
Fac vivas contentus eo quod tempora præbent.

11. *Marry not for riches.*

For love of gain, nor wed, nor keep a ſhrew;
Rather than keep her, let her dowry go.

12. *Let anothers example teach thee wiſdome.*

Learn by th' examples other men do give;
Anothers life doth teach us how to live.

13. *Attempt nothing againſt thy ſtrength.*

That which thou canſt compleat, begin, leaſt thy
Too heavy work as ſoon as born ſhould dy.

14. *Silence doth conſent.*

Conceal not what's ill done, leaſt you are thought
Concealing it the Author of the fault.

15. *Laws riger is to be tempered with equity.*

From unjuſt law unto the juſt Judge fly;
Juſtice, the Law it ſelf ſhould rectifie.

16. *Be patient under deſerved Affliction.*

Unto Croſs fate come by thy fault ſubmit,
Being guilty ſo, puniſh thy ſelf for it.

11. Vxor ſpe dotis non ducenda.

Vxorem fuge, ne ducas ſub nomine dotis;
Nec retinere velis ſi cœperit eſſe moleſta.

12. Alieno ſapere exemplo.

Multorum diſce exemplo, quæ facta ſequaris,
Quæ fugias: vita eſt nobis aliena magiſtra.

13. Nihil ultra vires.

Quod potes, id tentes: operis ne pondere preſſus
Succumbat labor, & fruſtra tentata relinquas.

14. Conſentire videtur qui tacet.

Quod noſti haud recte factum nolito tacere,
Ne videare malos imitari velle tacendo.

15. Rigor favore temperandus.

Judicis auxilium ſub iniqua lege rogato:
Ipſæ etenim leges cupiunt ut jure regantur.

16. Feras quæ culpa tua pateris.

Quod merito pateris, patienter ferre memento:
Cumque reus tibi ſis, ipſum te judice damna.

17. *Read,*

17. *Read, but with judgement.*

Having read much, read more; wonder you may,
Believe not though all which the Poets ſay.

18. *Speak modeſtly in thy Cups.*

Uſe few words 'fore thy Gueſts, leaſt men eſteem
Thee talkative, whilſt thou wouldſt witty ſeem.

19. *Regard not thy Wife's anger.*

Fear not thy Wife being angry, tears do then,
It is their Nature, prove the ſnares of men.

20. *Uſe thy Eſtate, but do not abuſe it.*

Abuſe not what thou haſt; he who doth ſpend
His own, covets the money of his friend.

21. *Fear not death.*

Welcome approaching death, *Atropos* knife
Doth end thy cares when it doth end thy life.

22. *If thy wife be profitable, regard not her tongue.*

If thy Wife's talkative, the fault's in thee,
If thou not ſilent art, as ſhe ſhould be,

17. Multa legenda, ſed cum judicio.

Multa legas facito, perlectis perlege multa;
Nam miranda canunt ſed non credenda Poetæ.

18. Modeſte in convivio legendum.

Inter convivas fac ſis ſermone modeſtus:
Ne dicare loquax, dum vis urbanus haberi.

19. Iracundia uxoris non formidanda.

Conjugis iratæ noli tu verba timere:
Nam lacrymis ſtruit inſidias, dum fœmina plorat.

20. Quæſtis utendum, non abutendum.

Utere quæſtis, ſed ne videaris abuti:
Qui ſua conſumunt, cum deeſt, aliena ſequuntur.

21. Mors non formidanda.

Fac tibi proponas mortem non eſſe timendam,
Quæ bona ſi non eſt, finis tamen illa malorum.

23. Uxor loquax, ſi proba, ferenda.

Uxoris linguam, ſi frugi eſt, ferre memento:
Namque malum eſt nil velle pati, nec poſſe tacere.

23. *Love thy Parents.*

Not with ſlight piety thy Parents love,
Nor ſowre to her, while ſweet to him you prove.

CATO's DISTICKS OF MANNERS.

Book 4. Diſt. 1,

Contemn Riches.

Riches deſpiſe, if a rich mind you'l have;
Who admires Money, is to it a ſlave.

2. *It is beſt to live according to the rules of nature.*

Nature will alwayes give what doth befit,
If you're content, and ask no more then it.

23. Pietas etga parentes.

Dilige non ægra charos pietate parentes :
Nec matrem offendas , dum vis bonus esse parenti.

CATONIS DISTICHA

DE

MORIBUS.

Lib. 4. Dist. 1.

Divitiarum contemptus.

Despice divitias , si vis animo esse beatus;
Quas qui suspiciunt, mendicant semper avari.

2. Vivere ad naturam optimum.

Commoda naturæ nullo tibi tempore deerunt,
Si contentus eo fueris , quod postulat usus.

3.

3. *Manage thy affairs with reason.*

Wanting fore-sight you hard fate undergo,
Say not that fortune's blind; 'tis you are so.

4. *Love Riches but for their use only.*

Money for present use, not shew, require;
Holy and honest men no more desire.

5. *Spare not thy riches on thy health.*

When thou hast money, spend it on thy health;
Sick rich men want themselves, although no wealth.

6. *Suffer a fatherly chastisement.*

If you a Master's stripes can bear, receive
And welcome more what thy vext Parents give.

7. *Attempt certain and profitable things.*

What certain profit gives, let that be done;
Erroneous things and things uncertain shun.

8. *Give freely.*

Give freely that that's ask'd if able; know
Thou dost gain well, when thou dost well bestow.

9. *A Suspition is to be examin'd incontinently.*

Quickly the truth inquire that you suspect;
Dangers come swift when usher'd by neglect.

3. Res ratione agendæ.

Cum ſis incautus, nec rem ratione gubernes,
Noli fortunam, quæ non eſt, dicere cœcam.

4. Amor pecuniæ ad uſum.

Dilige denarium, ſed parce dilige formam:
Quam nemo ſanctus, nec honeſtus captat habere.

5. In valetudine ne opibus parcas.

Cum fueris locuples, corpus curare memento.
Æger dives habet nummos, ſed non habet ipſum.

6. Caſtigatio paterna ferenda.

Verbera cum tuleris diſcens aliquando magiſtri,
Fer patris imperium cum verbis exit in iram.

7. Certa & utilia agenda.

Res age quæ proſunt: rurſus vitare memento,
In quibus error ineſt, nec ſpes eſt certa laboris.

8. Libenter donandum.

Quo donare potes, gratis concede roganti:
Nam recte feciſſe bonis in parte lucrorum eſt.

9. Suſpitio ſtatim expedienda.

Quid tibi ſuſpectum eſt, confeſtim diſcute quid ſit:
Namque ſolent, primo quæ ſunt neglecta, nocere.

10. *Venus*

10. *Venus is to be overcome by Abſtinence.*

When you to dangerous *Venus* condeſcend,
Be not a glutten to the Belly's friend.

11. *A bad man is the worſt wilde beaſt.*

Each Animal is fear'd though ne're ſo ſmall;
But I adviſe fear one man more than all.

12. *Prefer Wiſdome to Strength.*

If Nature ſtrength, wiſdome your ſelf beſtow
Upon your ſelf, and a true valour ſo.

13. *A Friend is the Mind's Phyſician.*

Help from thy Friend deſire when thou art ill;
A faithfull Friend is the beſt Doctor ſtill.

14. *A broken heart is the beſt ſacrifice.*

Why doth the harmleſs beaſt, when you ſin, bleed?
Folly, to think his blood doth cleanſe thy deed.

15. *Chooſe a Friend for manners.*

When for a faithfull friend you do enquire,
One rich in nothing but in mind deſire.

16. *Shun Avarice.*

Vſe Fortune's gift; what do you gain when ſhe
Doth Plenty give, yet live in Poverty?

10. Venus abſtinentia cohibenda.

Cum te detineat Veneris damnoſa voluptas,
Indulgere gulæ noli, quæ ventris amica eſt.

11. Homo malus, fera peſſima.

Cum tibi proponas animalia cuncta timere,
Unum hominem tibi præcipio plus eſſe timendum.

12. Sapientia fortitudini præferenda.

Cum tibi prævalidæ fuerint in corpore vires,
Fac ſapias, ſic tu poteris vir fortis haberi.

13. Amicus cordi medicus.

Auxilium à notis petito ſi forte laboras;
Nec quiſquam melior medicus quam fidus amicus.

14. Sacrificium, ſpiritus contribulatus.

Cum ſis ipſe nocens, moritur cur victima pro te?
Stultitia eſt morte alterius ſperare ſalutem.

15. Amicus ex moribus diligendus.

Cum tibi vel ſocium vel fidum quæris amicum,
Non tibi fortuna eſt hominis, ſed vita petenda.

16. Avaritia vitanda.

Utere quæſitis opibus, fuge nomen avari:
Quid tibi divitiæ proſunt, ſi pauper abundas?

17. *Pleaſure is an enemy to a good name.*

If you would have Fame prayſe what you have done,
It will, if you diſhoneſt pleaſures ſhun.

18. *Mock not Old age.*

Mock not the faults which in Old age you find,
For each Old body hath a Childiſh mind.

19. *Riches are mortal, Art immortal.*

Thou ſomething learn; fickle wealth flyes away,
But Art remaining fixt with thee doth ſtay.

20. *Manners are known by words.*

Mind what it ſlyly ſaid; for ſuch words do
Diſcover manners and conceal them too.

21. *Art is to be helpt by uſe.*

Though thou haſt gain'd an Art, ſtill practiſe it:
Uſe helps the hand, as ſtudy doth the wit.

22. *The contempt of life.*

Value not much th' approach of thy laſt hour;
Who contemns life, fears not death's fatal power.

17. Voluptas inimica famæ.

Si famam ſervare cupis, dum vivis, honeſtam,
Fac fugias animo, quæ ſunt mala gaudia vitæ.

18. Senem etiam delirum ne irriſeris.

Cum ſapias animo, noli irridere ſenectam;
Nam quicunque ſenex, ſenſus puerilis in illo eſt.

19. Opes fluxæ; ars perpetua.

Diſce aliquid; nam cum ſubito fortuna recedit,
Ars remanet, vitamque hominis non deſerit unquam.

20. Mores ex verbis cogniti.

Omnia perſpicito tacitus, quæ quiſque loquatur.
Sermo hominum mores & celat, & indicat idem.

21. Ars uſu juvanda.

Exerce ſtudium, quamvis perceperis artem.
Ut cura ingenium, ſic & manus adjuvat uſum.

22. Viræ contemptus.

Multum ne cures venturis tempora letbi;
Non timet is mortem qui ſcit contemnere vitam.

23. *Learn, and teach.*

Learn of the Learn'd, teach the unlearned fry:
The Doctrine of good things, ſo, multiply.

24. *Drink with reaſon.*

Drink but what's neceſſary, ſhun exceſs;
Oft a Diſeaſe comes by Voluptuouſneſſe.

25. *Condemn not that which thou haſt approved of.*

That diſapprove not which you prays'd; be free
From being guilty of inconſtancy.

26. *Be circumſpect in both Fortunes.*

When the calm ſmiles of Fortune raiſe thy ſtate,
Beware a change; if bad, hope better fate.

27. *Wiſdome doth increaſe by ſtudy.*

Ceaſe not to learn; Wiſdome by it is known;
By the long uſe of time 'tis ſeldome ſhown.

28. *Praiſe ſparingly.*

Praiſe ſparingly; one day will certain ſhew
Whether the often prays'd be friend, or no.

23. Diſcendum & Docendum.

Diſce ſed à doctis, indoctos ipſe docето :
Propaganda etenim verum doctrina bonarum.

24. Bibendi ratio.

Hoc bibe quod proſit, ſi tu vis vivere ſanus :
Morbi cauſa mali eſt homini quandoque voluptas.

25. No damnes quod probaveris.

Laudaris quodcunque palam, quodcunque probaris,
Hoc vide ne rurſus levitatis crimine damnes.

26. Circumſpectus ſis in utraque fortuna.

Tranquillis rebus quæ ſunt adverſa caveto :
Rurſus in adverſis melius ſperare memento.

27. Studio creſcit ſapientia.

Dicere ne ceſſes; cura ſapientia creſcit;
Rara datur longo prudentia temporis uſu.

28. Parce laudandum.

Parce laudato : nam quem tu ſæpe probaris,
una dies, qualis fuerit, monſtrabit, amicus.

29. *Be not aſham'd to learn.*

'Tis no diſgrace to learn an Art unknown;
Knowledge deſerves much prayſe, ignorance none.

30. *Uſe Sobriety in all things.*

Pleaſure, and Strife, *Venus*, and *Bacchus* move;
Enjoy the good effects, bad diſapprove.

31. *Truſt not the ſad, and ſilent.*

Who ſilent is and melancholly, ſhun;
Smooth and untroubled the deep Rivers run.

32 *Compare thy Fortune with another mans.*

When you complain, mind others fate, and ſee
In what reſpect Fortune's more harſh to thee.

33. *Attempt nothing beyond thy ſtrength.*

Begin what you to finiſh need not fail;
Safer ith' Haven 'tis than Main to ſail.

34. *Be juſt to the juſt.*

Be juſt unto good men, for oft no ſmall
And yet juſt judgements on the unjuſt fall.

29. Diſcere ne pudeat.

Ne pudeat quæ neſcieris, te velle doceri.
Scire aliquid laus eſt; pudor eſt nil diſcere velle.

30. Rebus utendum ad ſobrietatem.

Cum Venere & Baccho *lis eſt, & juncta voluptas;*
Quod lautum eſt animo complectere, ſed fuge lites.

31. Triſtibus & tacitis non fidendum.

Demiſſos animo, ac tacitos vitare memento :
Qua flumen placidum eſt, forſan latet altius unda.

32. Sors ſorti conferenda.

Cum tibi diſpliceat rerum fortuna tuarum,
Alterius ſpecta, quo ſis diſcrimine pejor.

33. Vltra vires nihil aggrediendum.

Quod potes id tenta; nam littus carpere remis
Tutius eſt multo, quam velum tendere in altum.

34. Cum juſto inique non contendendum.

Contra hominem juſtum prave contendere noli;
Semper enim Deus injuſtas ulciſcitur iras.

35. *Equally bear both Fortunes.*

Do not complain when thy Eſtate doth fall,
Rather rejoyce that ill fate takes not all.

36. *Bear with thy Friend.*

Great loſſe is great vexation, yet there are
Some things the which true Friends ſhould patient bear.

37. *Truſt not to time.*

Promiſe not many dayes, few, ſhort, they be;
Death, ſhadow-like doth alwayes follow thee.

38. *What Sacrifice doth pleaſe God.*

God loves not blood, his Altars do not ſtain;
Incenſe to Heaven, the Calf to earth ordain.

39. *Conceal thy dammage receiv'd of a great one.*

O Fortune yield wrong'd by her Favourite;
or he again may riſe who can ſubmit.

40. *Chaſtiſe thy ſelf.*

Puniſh thy ſelf when thou a ſinner art;
The ſmart of wounds is cur'd by adding ſmart.

35. Fortuna utraque æque ferenda.

eptis opibus noli gaudere querendo :
Sed gaude potius, tibi ſi contingat habere.

36. Ab amico quid ferendum.

Eſt jactura gravis, quæ ſunt amittere damnis :
Sunt quædam, quæ ferre docet patienter amicum.

37. Tempori non confidendum.

Tempora longa tibi noli promittere vitæ :
Quocunque ingrederis, ſequitur mors corporis umbra.

38. Deus quibus placandus.

Thure Deum placa, vitulum ſine creſcat aratro;
Ne credas placare Deum, dum cæde litatur.

39. A potentioribus læſus diſſimula.

Cæde locum læſus fortunæ, cede potenti :
Lædere qui potuit, prodeſſe aliquando valebit.

40. Caſtiga teipſum.

Cum quid peccaris, caſtiga te ipſe ſubinde.
Vulnera dum ſanas, dolor eſt medicina doloris.

41. Diſ-

41. *Diſapprove not of thy changed friend.*

An Old friend diſapprove not; though he be
Now chang'd, yet think what he was once to thee.

42. *Make uſe of a good turn.*

Be thankfull unto him thy friend hath been,
Leaſt you the Sirname of Ingratefull win.

43. *Be not ſuſpicious.*

Who are ſuſpicious, miſerable are;
Such dying once dye to perpetual fear.

44. *Be a man to thy man.*

When you do Servants buy, although you will
Them Servants call, know they are human ſtill.

45. *Take hold of occaſion.*

The firſt occaſion take, leaſt you again
Loſt opportuuity re-ask in vain.

46. *Rejoyce not at ſodain death.*

At Bad men's ſodain death Joy do not ſhew;
They only well do dye who did live ſo.

47. *If married, ſhun acquaintance.*

Having a Wife, ſhun thou a feined Friend,
Who thy few goods and richer fame may ſpend.

41. Amicus mutatus, non vituperandus.

Damnaris nunquam poſt longum tempus amicum :
Mutavit mores, ſed pignora prima memento.

42. Beneficiorum collatio attendenda.

Gratior officiis quo ſis mage, charior eſto :
Ne nomen ſubeas, quod dicitur officiperda.

43. Suſpitionem tolle.

Suſpectus caveas, ne ſis miſer omnibus horis;
Nam timidis & ſuſpectis aptiſſima mors eſt.

44. Humanitas erga ſervos.

Cum fueris ſervos proprios mercatus in uſus,
Et famulos dicas, homines tamen eſſe memento.

45. Occaſionem rei commodæ ne prætermittas.

Quam primum rapienda tibi eſt occaſio prima,
Ne rurſus quæras quæ jam neglexeris ante.

46. Non lætandum de repentino obitu.

Morte repentina noli gaudere malorum:
Fælices obeunt, quorum ſine crimine vita eſt.

47. Pauper ſimulatum vitet amicum.

Cum conjux tibi ſit, nec res, & fama laboret,
Vitandum ducas inimicum nomen amici.

48. *Alwaies*

48. *Alwaies learn.*

nough learned, yet ſtill learn, and ſhun the will
Of being unwillin g to be Scholar ſtill.

49. *Brevity helps memory.*

You ask why I this way of writing take;
Know brevity did bid me Diſtichs make.

THE END.

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48. Junge ſtudium.

Cum tibi contingat ſtudio cognoſcere multa,
Fac diſcas multa, & vites non velle doceri.

49. Brevitas memoriæ amica.

Miraris verbis nudis me ſcribere verſus?
Hos brevitas ſenſus fecit conjungere binos.

FINIS.